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ILL HEALTH PROMPTS DR. SPARKS TO RESIGN

Relinquishes Presidency of Penna. State College.

RETAINED AS EMERITUS

As a result of his general breaking down in health, which had its inception about one year ago, Dr. Edwin E. Sparks has resigned as president of the Penna. State College. While thus relieved of active work, he will assume an emeritus position at the college which will afford him opportunity to enjoy a more intimate relationship with the students.

News of the resignation of Dr. Sparks, which became known on Monday, was a profound shock to both students and faculty members who had but recently welcomed him on his return to duty after an enforced absence of nearly a year owing to ill health. Dr. Sparks offered his resignation as president in 1917 but it was not accepted owing to generally unsettled conditions brought about by the war. At a recent meeting of the trustees his resignation was accepted. Dr. Sparks will continue nominally as president until the close of the present collegiate year. Thus far there has been no mention of his probable successor as president, and Penn State is thereby added to the large group of colleges and universities throughout the country now seeking new heads.

When Dr. Sparks took charge twelve years ago at Penn State there were 119 members of the faculty. Today there are more than 500. More than 900 acres have been added to the college farms in that time.

Dr. Sparks, following hig general breakdown more than a year ago, received treatment at the University Hospital in Philadelphia. He spent last summer resting at Ephriam, Wis. He had taken no vacations for several years, and the strain of war conditions at the college, and the additional duties piled on his shoulders were responsible for his breakdown. He returned to the college about the first of the year and only a short time ago resumed duty at his desk.

Graduated from the Ohio State University in 1884, Dr. Sparks taught there for several years, and from 1885 until 1908 he was connected with the University of Chicago, leaving when a professor of American history, and Dean of the University College. From 1890 until 1895 he was principal of the former preparatory department at this college and an instructor in history. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago in 1900, and the Degree of Doctor of Laws from Lehigh University in 1909.

Dr. Sparks is well known throughout the east as a highly entertaining and forceful speaker. He has written a number of books on historical subjects. Only last Thursday he was reappointed a member of the College and University Council of Pennsylvania.

School Supts. to Meet.

A round-table conference of the superintendents and principals of Central Penna. schools will be held at the Central State Normal School at Lock Haven on Friday and Saturday, March 19th and 20th. The speakers will include Dr. Lee L. Driver, director of the Bureau of Rural Education; Dr. George E. Becht, Dr. W. Grant Chambers, and others equally well known in educational circles.

The salary question will be discussed at considerable length, with the following points to be emphasized: "What legitimate means may be used by teachers to force action?" also "Is a strike of teachers justifiable under any circumstances?" and "Should teachers join labor unions?"

Is Candidate for Legislature.

Frank E. Naginey, of Bellefonte, the funeral director and furniture dealer, has announced his candidacy for Democratic nomination for the Legislature from Centre County. His name will go on the Democratic ballot at the primaries on May 18th. Mr. Naginey says that he is in the field to capture the nomination and that any opponent who beats him out will have to step some—and then some.

Pinchot Forestry Commissioner.

Governor Sproul at Harrisburg announced yesterday the appointment of Gifford Pinchot as State Forestry Commissioner, succeeding Robert S. Conklin, resigned. Mr. Conklin becomes a member of the State Water Supply Commission.

NATIVE OF CENTRE CO. FOUND DEAD IN JUNIATA

Leroy Wasson of Near Fillmore Killed by Gas in Bed Room.

FAMILY WAS ABSENT

Leroy Wasson, a son of Samuel Wasson residing nearby Fillmore, was found dead in bed at his home at Juniata last Saturday. His death was attributed to gas poisoning. When found it was figured that he had been dead five or six days. The body was somewhat decomposed. Supposedly when retiring for the night he had lighted a gas jet and while asleep the flame became extinguished as a result of temporary low pressure. With the resumption of pressure the gas filled the rather small bed room and Mr Wasson breathed such a quantity that he never regained consciousness. Of course there is no way of determining the actual circumstances, but there is every reason to believe that the cause was purely accidental.

Mrs Wasson and her two children had been spending the week at the home of her father, David Shivery, nearby Stormstown. She was at the railroad station waiting to take a train for Juniata when she received word of her husband's tragic death.

The lifeless body of Mr. Wasson was discovered in his home by neighbors who knew that he had not accompanied his wife to her father's home and who were aware of the fact that he not been seen at Juniata for several days. They accordingly effected an entrance to the house and there they found Mr Wasson's body in a bed room which was filled with gas.

Mr. Wasson was aged about 30 years. Before going to Juniata he served as a rural delivery mail carrier at Stormstown. Prior to that he worked for several years on the Frank Clemson farm. He was employed as a meter inspector at Juniata for a local electric company.

Bellefonte Victorious.

The Bellefonte High School Basket Ball team defeated the Tyrone five, in a hard fought battle last Friday night in the armory, by the score of 31to13. Although the game was an exceptionally fast one, the local quintette never once forfeited the lead to their opponents. This victory makes Bellefonte stand highest in the Mountain High School League, their per centage still being 1,000 having won 8 games and lost none, while Tyrone their nearest rival has won 8 and lost 2, both defeats being administered by Bellefonte. The winning of this league championship will bring great honor to the local High School as is shown by the following excerpt, taken from Philadelphia daily papers:

Plans are now nearing completion for the holding of a series of basket ball games between the leading High school teams of the state in order to determine which High school is deserving of the championship of Pennsylvania. The contests will be held under the direction of the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association and the Penn State athletic authorities and the probable dates for the series are April 9 and 10.

The winning teams for each division of the state have been invited to take part in the series and acceptances already have been received from the Allegheny valley district, the mountain district and the Central Pennsylvania district, while it is also hoped to have the winning team from the Pittsburg City League. Hazleton High school, although not in any one of these districts, also has been invited because of the great record made in winning fourteen straight games. The Philadelphia City League will be the only district not represented.

The Allegheny valley division is composed of teams from Aspinwall, Swissvale, Oakmont, Natrona, Sharpsburg and Verona. The mountain division includes teams from Hollidaysburg, Houtzdale, Tyrone, Bellefonte, Huntingdon, Philipsburg and Mount Union, while in the central division are Allentown, Reading, Lebanon, Harrisburg Tech., York and Steelton. The P. I. A. A. includes about 100 high schools and E. E. Knauss, of Harrisburg Tech, is secretary.

The proposed series of games will be the first of its kind ever held in Pennsylvania and graduate manager Neil Fleming hopes to make it an annual affair. The Penn State authorities have agreed to pay the expenses of the visiting teams and to finance the meet, and in addition it is proposed to award gold and silver medals and a trophy cup as prizes.

Interesting History of World War.

(Continued from last issue)

Among the 10,709 "other" casualties there is one most interesting and not inconsiderable group, some of the members of which are included in "troops not in divisions. These are the men who deserted to the front. They went A. W. O. L (absent without leave) from their ogranizations in the zone of supplies or in the training areas, and found their way up to the battle line, where many of them were killed or wounded.

These cases were so numerous that Gen. Pershing made special arrangements by which trained men who had rendered good service behind the lines could, as a reward, secure opportunity to go to the front and take part in the fighting.

Of every 100 American soldiers and sailors who took part in the war with Germany, 2 were killed or died of diseases during the period of hostilities. In the Northern Army during the Civil War the number was about 10. Among the other great nations in this war, between 20 and 25 in each 100 called to the colors were killed or died. To carry the comparison still further, American losses in this war were relatively one-fifth as large as during the Civil War and less than one-tenth as large as in the ranks of the enemy or among the nations associated with us.

The war was undoubtedly the bloodiest which has ever been fought. One possible competitor might be the Crimean War, in which the casualty rate per 100 men was equally heavy. The British forces in the Crimean War lost 22 of every 100 men, the French 31, the Turkish 27, and the Russian 43. More than four-fifths of the losses were, however, deaths from diseases, while in the recent war with Germany disease deaths were inconsiderable as compared with battle deaths. The forces engaged in the Crimean War were, moreover, much smaller. The total deaths in the recent war were greater than all the deaths in all wars for more than 100 years previous. From 1793 to 1914 total deaths in war may safely be estimated at something under 6,000,000. Battle deaths from 1914 to 1918 totaled about 7,500,000. Russia had the heaviest losses in spite of the fact that she withdrew from the war after the fall of 1917. American losses are third from the bottom of the list. German losses were thirty-two times as great as losses of the United States, the French twenty-eight times, and the British eighteen times as large. That American losses were not more severe is due to the fact that our armies were only in heavy fighting for 200 days. The heaviest losses were in the Meuse-Argonne drive from the last week of September until November 11. The weekly deaths during a part of that period were around the 6,000 mark.

The chances of death are much heavier in the Infantry than in any other branch of the service. Of each 1,000 enlisted men in the Infantry 52 were killed in action or died of wounds. The most striking difference between the death rate of officers and men appears in the Air Service. Here the casualties among officers are much higher than men because in our service all aviators are officers.

For every man who was killed in battle, six others were wounded, taken prisoner, or reported missing. The total battle casualties follows: —

Killed in action, 35,560; died of wounds, 14,720; Total dead, 50,280. Wounded severely, 90,830; wounded slightly, 80,480; wounded, degree undetermined, 34,380; Total wounded, 205,690. Missing in action Aug. 1, 1919, 46; taken prisoner, 4,480 Grand total, 260,496.

The number who died of wounds was only 7 per cent as large as the number who were wounded. The hospital records show that about 85 per cent of the men sent to hospitals on account of injuries have been returned to duty. About half the wounded were reported as slightly wounded and many of them would not have been reported as casualties in previous wars. Except for 373 who died, all the prisoners shown in the foregoing summary have now been returned.

The number of men reported as missing has been steadily reduced from a total of 78,000 to 46, as shown in the summary. This reduction has gone on without clearing any case as dead except on evidence establishing the fact of death. The total number of cases cleared as presumed dead will be about 1550. More than 21,000 cases, exclusive of prisoners, reported in the casualty cables to this country were cleared up, the largest number having been found in hospitals, while a considerable number returned to duty after being lost from their units.

The work of the Central Records Office of the American Expeditionary Forces in clearing up cases of men listed as missing has been more successful than that done in any of the other armies or in any previous great war. The missing lists of other nations mounted into the hundreds of thousands, 265,000 for France, and 121,000 for Great Britain.

The total number of lives lost in both Army and Navy from the declaration of war to July 1, 1919, was 125,500. Deaths in the Army, including marines attached to it, were 115,660. About two thirds of these deaths occurred overseas. Where as 58,460 died from disease, 50,280 died in battle. The remaining 7 per cent, or 7,920 included deaths from accident. There were 768 lost at sea, of whom 381 were included under battle deaths, since their loss was the direct result of submarine activity. Almost exactly half the losses were from disease. If the comparison between disease and battle losses is limited to the expeditionary forces, battle losses appear more than twice as large as deaths from disease.

This was the first war in which the United States engaged that showed a lower death rate from disease than from battle. In previous wars sanitary conditions at camps and the ravages of epidemic, diseases have resulted in disease deaths far in excess of the number killed on the battle field. Since the time of the Mexican War a steady improvement has been made in the health of troops in war operations. The death rate from disease in the Mexican War was 110 per year in each 1000 men; in the Civil War this was reduced to 64; and in the Spanish War to 26; while the rate in the expeditionary forces in this war was 19. The battle rate of 53 for the overseas forces is higher than in any previous war. It is higher than in the Civil War because all of the fighting was concentrated in one year, while in the Civil War it stretched over four years. The rates in this war for the total forces under arms both in the United States and France from the beginning of the war to May 1, 1919, were 13 for battle and 15 for disease.

Some of the outstanding causes of the remarkably low death rate in the war against Germany are: (1) A highly trained medical personnel, (2) compulsory vaccination of the entire Army against typhoid fever, (3) thorough camp sanitation and control of drinking water, and, (4) adequate provision of hospital facilities.

There were at the beginning of the war 2,089 commissioned medical officers, including Reserves. During the war 31,251 physicians from civil life were commissioned in the Medical Corps. This number included leaders of medical science who not only made possible the application of the most recent advances of medicine in the prevention and cure of disease, but who themselves made new discoveries during the course of the war, resulting in great saving of life in our own and other armies.

The intestinal diseases such as dysentery, the typhoids, bubonic plague, cholera, and typhus, have ravaged and even obliterated armies in the past. During the Spanish-American War typhoid fever alone caused 85 per cent of the total number of deaths. In the War with Germany these diseases were practically eliminated as causes of death. During the entire war up to May 1, 1919, a total of only 2,328 cases of typhoid fever were reported and only 227 deaths from this cause. The result is due to the compulsory vaccination of every man who entered the Army and to excellent sanitary conditions. The other intestinal diseases are similarly of little effect as causes of death or have not occurred at all.

It was to be expected that with careful control exercised epidemics of these diseases would be avoided in the United States; but in the expeditionary forces where troops were quartered in temporary camps, billeted with civilians, or actively engaged in prolonged battle, the reduction of these diseases is a notable achievement in sanitary control. It is evident that pneumonia has been the greatest cause of death. More than 40,000 died of the disease. Of these, probably 25,000 resulted from the influenza-pneumonia pandemic which swept through every camp and cantonment in this country and caused thousands of deaths in the expeditionary forces. Up to September 14, 1918, only 9,340 deaths from disease had occurred in the Army, and the death rate for the period of the war up to that time was only 5 per cent per year for each 1000 men. During the eight weeks from September 14 to the 8th of November 316,089 cases of influenza and 43,449 of pneumonia were reported among troops in this country.

(Continued on 8th page)

$1200 MINIMUM SALARY FOR MARRIED MINISTERS

Evangelical Conference Recognizes High Cost of Living.

ELDERS ADVISED $1000

What is the lowest possibly salary on which a minister who is married can get along and be free from debt?

Can he do it on $1000, or is $1200 the very lowest figure?

The question proved to be one of the most generally discussed at the annual Conference of the United Evangelical Church for Central Pennsylvania, which was held last week at Williamsport and which adjourned its sessions Monday night.

A large number of the ministers in attendance, and particularly the younger ones, were enthusiastic in their support of the $1200 minimum. The presiding elders of the several districts comprising the conference asserted that they, too, favored $1200 as a minimum, but not to be established right away. They urged that the minimum be made $1000, and that perhaps in another year this might be increased to $1200. Their argument was that many congregations would find it physically and financially impossible to raise $1200 a year for a preacher, and that realizing this a goodly number wouldn't even so much as try to do it.

Right in the midst of this diplomatic move on the part of the presiding elders to shift along the minimum proposition for a year, at least, several young but very practical young ministers submitted a question that made the discussion become still more lively. It was this:

"It is all very well to talk about making the minimum $1200 next year, but how are the younger preachers to get along until next year comes around?"

There were sympathetic nods of approval from scores of the older as well as the younger preachers. It was agreed by most persons present, laymen as well as ministers, that the young preacher just out of college usually has debts to be wiped out, and a pretty hard struggle at best to make both ends meet. One minister remarked that he had a circuit of three charges, that an automobile to get about was a positive necessity, and that the cost of upkeep for the car alone was approximately one-fourth of his salary. Having seen much of the rough side of a country minister's life, he warmly approved giving the younger ones a better start in life than has ever been the case heretofore.

Another minister, also representing a country church, very pertinently pointed out that even though it may have once been the case it is no longer true that the country preacher can live much more cheaply than the city minister. Prices for living, he remarked, have advanced in the country on just about the same scale as in the cities, and the country minister with a much smaller salary must pay out just about as much as the city pastor with a larger salary. On the basis of salaries such as have been paid in the past, he said, the inevitable result must be that the country preacher becomes involved in debt, and there is thus created a burden at once insufferable for the average community expects a preacher as a christian citizen to be prompt in paying his bills, just a little more so than lots of other citizens.

There was no thought or suggestion of striking for higher salaries, but one minister gave the Conference a straight-from-the-shoulder talk when he bluntly declared his intention to quit the ministry and tackle some other kind of a job unless preachers' salaries are increased to make possible a comfortable living and educational privileges for the family. He declared that he had entered the ministry because he believed it to be his duty, that he had done his best t get along on the average salary paid to ministers, but that the time had come when he found it impossible to make both ends meet with the contents of a minister's pocketbook and that unless salaries were increased he reluctantly but nevertheless very firmly announced that he would take up other work which offered a more attractive financial return.

The rather heated discussion was precipitated by an attempt to undo the action by the Conference last Saturday when it was voted to make $1200 the minimum salary for ordained married preachers. At Monday morning's session a motion was offered to fix the minimum at $1000. The debate lasted for more than one hour, during which time the presiding elders undertook to

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NEW INDUSTRY HERE?

Nickel-Alloys Company, of Hyde City, May Operate Plant Nearby Town.

The Clearfield "Progress" a few days ago published the following:—

The Progress learns on good authority that a deal has been consummated whereby the Nickel-Alloys Co., has obtained possession of the Milesburg plant of the Titan Metal company, of Bellefonte. In addition to the acquisition of the Milesburg plant there is a well defined and probably correct rumor that another plant at Bellefonte will also pass into the hands of the Nickel-Alloys Company.

The Nickel-Alloys Company's plant at Hyde City is now running at full capacity, employing 315 men, with a monthly pay-roll of $30,000. The nickel mill is going full blast and shipments of nickel sheets of various lengths and sizes are being made. Nickel rods are also on the market and demand is at present under production. The company is enlarging their sphere of activities to take in the finishing of their product and the Milesburg plant will be converted into a finishing or fabricating plant to produce the finished product of the Clearfield plant.

The possibilities of nickel in such industries as food canning are tremendous. It is a purely antiseptic metal which can be used as a food container in place of tin and other alloys now used and the process of the Nickel-Alloys Company has been perfected at the Clearfield plant to such an extent that they are now able to roll nickel to the fineness of one one-thousandth of an inch, thus making it of about the same thickness as tinfoil, the demand for which should far exceed the supply. It is regarded as a certainty that Bellefonte is to get the fabricating plant, where food containers, kitchen utensils, laboratory equipment and a thousand and one other products of rolled nickel will be fabricated. That another fabricating plant will be required and is on the schedule of well developed plans is another certainty although the location of this plant has not been definitely decided upon. Newspapers of Lock Haven and Williamsport have recently commented on the probability of new metal industries locating there and inquiry develops the fact that these towns are making a bid for the new plant of the Nickel-Alloys Company. Meanwhile Clearfield would like to keep it right at home and Philipsburg can offer manifest advantages over the other competing towns. It is a proposition for a substantial industry that we commend to the attention of the Philipsburg Chamber of Commerce.

The Nickel-Alloys Company, organzed several years ago by Dr. C. T. Hennig, owes its expansion to his genius and untiring zeal. The Nickel-Alloys Company on Friday announced the appointment of Frank F. Davis, formerly associated with Dr. Hennig in Bellefonte but since its organization identified with the company as Controller with headquarters in Philadelphia. Mr. Davis will have general supervision of the financial affairs of the company and will divide his time between the New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Clearfield offices of the company.

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If the foregoing announcement is authentic it is at least unknown to R. W. Funk, president of the Titan Metal Co. John McCoy, of the McCoy-Linn Co., owners of the site occupied by the lower plant of the Titan Metal Co., referred to in the article in the Clearfield "Progress" said yesterday to The Republican that there had been some talk of a new company renting the buildings if the Titan Metal Co. vacated, but that thus far the only negotiations were verbal and that no papers of any kind had been signed.

Mr. Funk yesterday issued the following statement denying that the lower plant of his company had passed into the hands of the Nickel-Alloys Co.:—

This (Wednesday) morning the writer was handed a Philipsburg Ledger which contained an account of how a deal has been consummated whereby our Milesburg plant has passed into the hands of the Nickel-Alloys Co., of Clearfield and further that our Bellefonte plant will also pass into their hands.

Now, we herewith wish to go on record with the statement that, for the sake of Bellefonte and its people, we welcome the inference that Bellefonte will now be put on the map like Hyde City.

We confess that we had modest ideas in the same direction but, having learned by experience that a baby must crawl before it may run, we are working along those lines and predict right now that we will be doing business at the old stand a long time from now for we flatter ourselves that we know what we are doing.

(continued on page 5)

SYMPATHY

By R. RAY BAKER

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alphonse MacGregor Smith was a queer mortal.

Although his combination of French, Scotch and plain American names was part of his queerness, that was not what worried the young men and women of the social set of which he was a member.

The thing that made them look askance at Alphonse was his ambition. He wanted to do something in the world, and, of course, such an idea was all nonsense, because Alphonse's father could write a check in one figure and six ciphers if he wanted to.

Although the idea that he should work grew on Alphonse, he began keeping his own counsel in the matter, for whenever he had mentioned a job the young men of his acquaintance had always sneered and the young ladies had laughed outright and told him he was a good joker.

One of these girls played a big part in Alphonse's visions of the future. Her name was Clara Lennox and her family was quite as well fixed financially as the Smiths. Although he had never broached the subject to her, it was pretty well understood that some day a matrimonial partnership would ensue from their associations. Their parents encouraged this idea, for it was considered a good match.

And yet Clara would not sympathize with Alphonse's ambition.

"If you want to work," she contended, "why don't you get a position as manager in one of your father's factories? If you feel that you ought to gratify your whim, pick out something soft, and if you fall you won't land so hard."

This might have been practical advice, but what Alphonse wanted was to climb the success ladder with his own ability and not an influential father as his support.

Now, Alphonse had a secret. He nourished a conviction that he could paint pictures. For years he had practiced it on the sly, and an old artist with whom he had a clandestine acquaintance told him he was a natural-born painter. All he needs was the proper environment, said this authority, and the urge of necessity and he was bound to make good. In talking of a job Alphonse never had dared broach the subject of art for fear it would land him in an asylum for the insane.

Finally he could stand it no longer. He told his parents he needed a change of atmosphere. His father offered him a trip West, but Alphonse said it was a different kind of atmosphere he desired.

"Give me $200 and three months and don't try to find me. I'll write to you," he said.

To his friends he offered various excuses, and then took himself to a quarter of the city where artists and authors held sway. He rented a studio, bought what equipment he did not already have and went to work.

During his first month with art he hired a number of different professional models and painted several pictures which he placed on sale at stores devoted to the products of the easel, but none of them sold. He knew there was something lacking in his pictures, but there was no one to tell him what it was. At the beginning of his wrestle with work Alphonse tried to find his old artist friend, but the latter was abroad, although he was expected home soon.

At the end of his first month of unsuccessful effort he went once more in quest of the artist. The little house he had occupied in the colony showed signs of life this time, and a rather diminutive, young girl with curly yellow hair, deep, serious pools of blue eyes and an olive complexion answered his knock.

"Mr. Smith?" she said, raising her eyebrows. "Yes, I've heard of you—from father. But father—father died a month ago in Italy."

Alphonse expressed his sympathy and started away. She called:

"Perhaps I could help you, if it's something about painting. Father used to say I was his best critic. I'll be frank and tell you I'm out of funds. If you need a model—"

Alphonse liked the suggestion, but he was low on funds himself. He could get more from home, but he had resolved to go it alone. He explained that he was meeting no success whatever, and that he was in no position to offer the girl much remuneration, but she said she was willing to risk it and agreed to go to his studio the next morning.

On his way back to his workshop, his mind occupied with thoughts of his new acquaintance, he stopped in a store which had his goods on display. To his surprise none of his pictures were in sight.

"I sold every one of them and can get rid of more,'" cried the storekeeper, rubbing his hands. "You have a thousand dollars coming and I'll hand it to you now."

Filled with elation, Alphonse hurried on his way, and in the studio he wrapped up two pictures he had finished the day before. With these under an arm he started back to the store. At the corner he paused, for he had seen a familiar figure enter the establishment. It was Clara Lennox, and Alphonse understood. Slowly he retraced his steps, entered the studio ...ped the two pictures in a ...rner.

"It's fine of Clara!" he said. "She's trying to help me, but she doesn't understand. It's like pampering a spoiled child. I'll take no more pictures to that store, and I'll not use a cent of the thousand, I want to make good on merit."

The next morning the new model appeared, and then and there Alphonse started on a career of hard work that exceeded his most ambitious dreams. The model became the boss. When he suggested a pose she took matters into her own hands and improved it.

"Don't put all the color on the robes," was the way she went on. "Make them harmonize with the surroundings. That line is too straight; it doesn't look natural. Take out some of the contrast like this," and she took the brush from him and demonstrated.

Thus things continued for a month, and Alphonse's funds became exhausted. Nevertheless the girl did not desert him. He pawned various articles and she insisted on adding some rings to the collection.

So she labored with him and shared his frugal repasts in the studio, while every evening he walked home with her. All this time he worked on one picture, and when it finally was finished her verdict was:

"It will be a success. I will get it on exhibition in the library display next week. My father's name will help."

A week passed. Alphonse was working on a new picture and his model had gone to the library to see how the picture was "taking." He sat and smoked and thought—just thought. A rap on the door interrupted his cogitations, and when he opened it Clara Lennox stepped in.

"Have you had enough of it?" she inquired, and her lip curled as she surveyed his surroundings. "Are you ready to give up?"

"No," he replied. "I'm just getting started. I'm going to be a success."

"Very well." She shrugged her shoulders. "I've done what I can. But if you insist on remaining in this hole let it be understood that it's all over with us. It's a matter of choice between your art"—she gave the word unnecessary emphasis—"and me."

The door was pushed open and a radiant face, framed with yellow curls, peeped in.

Clara took the roll of bills from Alphonse and stalked majestically to the door.

"I understand," she said coldly and significantly, and was gone.

The little model looked after her and her eyes snapped. Then she turned to Alphonse.

"You win!" she exclaimed. "'The Girl of the Sands' takes the prize. It brought $2,000—from old Jacob Geerling, the famous art collector."

She seated herself on a three-legged stool and sighed.

"I don't want to seem inquisitive," she said, "but is that the girl you're going to marry?"

Alphonse went to her and with an arm around her drew her head to his breast.

"No," he told her. "The girl I am going to marry is right here in this room now. That is, I'm going to marry her, if she—"

EVEN JEFFERSON COULD ERR

Great Statesman on Record as Having Pulled "Boner" in Matter of Natural History.

It is related that when Thomas Jefferson journeyed from Monticello to Philadelphia, on his way to take the oath of office as vice-president, he carried a lot of bones in his baggage. The bones, alleged to be those of a mammoth, had been found in Greenbrier county, Va., and sent to Monticello, where they were set up by Jefferson, who, it appears, entertained a somewhat exaggerated notion of his attainments in natural history, and who stood sponsor for the bones as those of "a carnivorous-clawed animal entirely unknown to science."

It was not until after Jefferson reached Philadelphia that he was undeceived, for at a glance the learned Dr. Wistar saw that they were the bones of the common sloth, several specimens of which he showed the Virginian.

It has been pointed out that, indirectly, no less a naturalist than the great Buffon may have been responsible for Jefferson's error. It was the Virginian's practice to send Buffon specimens and information, and with the subtle flattery of a courtier the French naturalist wrote:

"I should have consulted you, sir, before publishing my natural history, and then I should have been sure of the facts."

Romance of Childhood.

The little boy who hunts Indians is every little boy in America. Along the alley warpaths of the congested city and out on the rolling prairies of the back pasture the relentless pursuit goes on day after day. Each night millions of little hearts are uplifted in thanksgiving that the red-skinned savages lurk about the world to be hunted. An occasional green-apple nightmare in which the hunter is scalped and tied to the stake only serves to enhance the thrill of following the trail next afternoon as soon as school is out.

The eye of the six-year-old which makes a piece of barrel hoop look like a tomahawk is the romantic spirit. The form of this spirit of romance persists beyond the allotted three score and ten. Because of it no theater is fittingly equipped unless it has sundry coats of mail and back drop castles.

MORE PEOPLE READ BOOKS

According to English Authority, This Is One of the Results of the War.

There are five times as many people in England reading books as there were before the war, according to Sir Ernest Williams, one of the foremost publishers of London. He says war has taught the people there the value of books, and shown them the joy of reading. When air raids were numerous and all social activities stopped, there still remained the inner room, the light and books. There was a quick demand developed for light reading, but it has changed and grown so that now the best books are most in demand. When air raids were ended and lights and social activities were used again, the habit of reading was continued and has grown rapidly the past year.

There is an insistent demand, this publisher says, for books that deal with real life. It is his belief that out of the experiences of war has been born a deeper appreciation of life and understanding of how tremendously worth living it is. On this new consciousness he bases the demand for books that deal sincerely with problems of life.—Ohio State Journal.

ISLAND SAVED BY WOMEN

How the Female Population of Helgoland Upset Calculations of Danish Admiral.

Helgoland, the naval wall flower during the World war, had its fate decided, upon one memorable occasion, by the women of the island, according to a bulletin of the National Geographic society. About the time William Penn was settling Pennsylvania a Danish admiral captured the island's fishermen one night while they were placing their nets. He threatened to hold them as hostages until the island surrendered to Denmark. Wives, mothers and sisters arose and forced the Danish garrison to relinquish any claim upon Helgoland.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Helgoland was a center of the North sea herring fisheries. Then herring veered back to Scotland's coast and the islanders handed down a tale of the impiety by which they forfeited the boon. Until a few years ago horses were unknown to the island. One story has it that when an old woman saw an Englishman ride up the hills she dropped dead from the shock of what she believed was a supernatural creature.

Humidity.

Humidity is the moisture or aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. The vapor is really an invisible gas. When this vapor becomes visible it is called dew, fog, mist, haze, clouds, rain, snow, hail, etc., according to the size of the drops of water or the method by which the vapor condenses. A given space at a given temperature can contain only a definite amount of moisture. When a given space contains all of the moisture it is capable of holding it is said to be saturated. The percentage of moisture in the air to what it would hold if saturated is called the relative humidity. When the air is saturated with moisture the humidity would be 100 per cent, and if half saturated 50 per cent, three-quarter saturated 75 per cent. The increased humidity has much to do with the effect of the temperature on the individual, which is the reason the subject is so commonly discussed during hot periods.

Responsibilities.

Thinking of others does not excuse folks from respecting their own responsibilities. The world wouldn't get along very fast if all our time and thoughts were given to others. To get along and have the means to be helpful to others we must do considerable for ourselves. Our job must bring enough returns to the boss to pay him for the trouble of bothering with us. Our home life touches others and we must see to it that our contact leaves them happier for the touch. Life is more than mere routine however much it may seem to be cast in a one piece mold. It's our thoughts for others that lift us out of the humdrum and make life worth living. There's no limit to the enthusiasms of life when concern for another's welfare gets hold of you.

Envied the Tailor.

When Douglas Fairbanks was a little boy, five years old, he lived in Denver, and he was always sent to bed much earlier than he wanted to go. Opposite his bedroom was a tailor shop where the lights burned brightly a long time after Douglas went to sleep. He used to lie and watch the industrious tailor, and one day he surprised his father by saying that he knew what he wanted to do when he grew up; he would be a tailor.

"Why?" said his father.

"Because," said Douglas, "I could sit up then as long as I wanted to—all night if I pleased."

Artistic Verisimilitude.

Customer—These grand opera phonograph records are imperfect. I can't get anything out of them half the time.

Salesman—They are our finest achievement. You never can tell when these records will sing—they're so temperamental.—Boston Transcript.

Japanese in Bolivia.

Japanese interests have obtained a great stretch of land in Bolivia. They have also 20,000 square miles in Peru. Agriculture and mining is their stunt.

CHATTERTON'S SLIDE

By WILL T. AMES

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"We're to pick up four more lengths at the Red Barn," announced Peltier, the train boss, to McNider, the engineer of the log train.

"Who said so?" demanded McNider, halting in his task of tinkering the leaky cyclinder of the queer little locomotive.

"His Nibs," replied Peltier with a shrug of his shoulders that confirmed the indication of French descent provided by his name.

"I thought his sister was going out with us." Evidently McNider couldn't reconcile the presence of a woman on the log train with the gratuitous perils of a nine-length load, over the tortuous curves and breathless gradients of the Burke company's road.

"So she is," corroborated the train boss.

"Well, I'll be d——d!"

"What are you going to do with a fellow like Greener?" exclaimed Peltier. "I asked him if he had forgotten that Miss Janice was going on the train, and he bawled me out; asked me who I thought I was; said they often hauled eleven and twelve on the Nickamaug's road."

"Sure! I'd rather haul twenty there than six here," commented the engineer.

"Well, there you are! We haul the nine, and Miss Greener goes—and like enough she'll get smashed flat between a couple of twelve-inch butts!" And the train boss took himself somberly off to see that the five "lengths" of great spruce logs were stowed as safe on their trucks as human care could make them.

Dave Peltier, middle-sized, strong, lithe, had been born to the woods like his father before him. But he had yielded to the pet desire of the father and had gone to school and college. For Peltier, senior, was making a little money as a woods jobber and was possessed to spend it on an education for the boy; which is often the way with men who have had no schooling themselves. The war came when Dave was in his sophomore year at Tech and he had gone over with the first contingent of foresters.

When he got back it was to find his father dying, the little business melted away and the task of getting a living before him. He had been train boss for the Burke outfit when the new manager, Greener, came; and he had at once attracted the attention of Miss Janice Greener when that young woman arrived, a month ago, to visit her brother and, principally, to get new material for the paintings of winter woods and lumber camps which had already brought her some measure of success.

The girl, pluming herself on an artist's contempt for the conventionalities, had permitted herself and permitted Peltier a degree of intimacy in their friendship that led, as the downhill flow of water, to a frank confession of regard by the young woodsman; for Dave Peltier had never thought of himself as the inferior of any being on earth.

The consequences had been calamitous. Janice Greener suddenly discovered that her artist colony democracy was only skin deep—and she had stung Peltier as a woman can sting a man only when she realizes that it is the difference in their social positions which alone makes his proffered love impossible of acceptance. This was two days before Janice's departure from the camp.

Miss Greener should have traveled in the cab. Instead she had insisted in riding, somehow, on the logs. So Peltier, obeying an order of the manager, had built an ingenious little platform of planks over the rear truck of the fifth length, above the logs. Here, nestled among half a dozen old fur coats, the headstrong girl was snugly perched as the lurching train bumped along on its twenty-mile journey to the mills. At the Red Barn came to her Peltier, urged on by visible worry.

"Miss Greener," he said, "won't you please ride the rest of the way in the cab. It's really dangerous among the logs. We're going to take on four more lengths here; they'll be behind you. If anything happens you'll be right in the middle of it."

"Mr. Peltier," returned Miss Greener, "I do not wish you to concern yourself with my safety at all. I don't understand why my brother keeps in a position where a little nerve is necessary a person so—so extremely apprehensive."

What could a man do after that but turn on his heel and stalk away? And what could a girl do after saying it but look as pert and unconcerned as possible—and wish she had bitten her tongue off before she did say it?

It was half way down the long "slide" on Chatterton's ridge that it happened. McNider had been easing the ponderous, ever-threatening nine lengths down the ghastly grade by inches and feeling his little engine grow lighter and weaker under his hand each instant.

The train crew was running beside the train, squeezing the brake shoes with the ridiculous hand cranks that must be operated from the ground. Suddenly McNider turned to Joe Kylie, his foreman.

"About here is where we get off, Joe. Everything's set up and she's in reverse, but the damned weight's going to push old Betsy right up into the air. We'll hit the bottom at a hundred an hour and pile up sky high in the river. Jump."

They made it safely enough, and watched the train, gaining momentum at every yard, speed past to its doom.

"My God! The girl!" McNider, helpless on the ground, had caught sight of Janice, white-faced and now desperately frightened, clinging to her pitiful seat of state. "Not a chance in the world for her!" breathed the engineer.

But whether there was a chance or not, someone was trying to get to her. Running over the lurching, shifting logs from the rear of the long train, Dave Peltier was risking death at every step.

He had been tending the tail end brake when the runaway began. At the moment when the engine crew jumped Dave swung himself onto the logs of the last length and began his breakneck race.

Janice saw him coming; watched the hazardous approach of the oncoming figure with unreasoning hope—if he could only get to her! He was racing along the logs of the sixth length now, keeping his footing somehow, like a chamois. A great, perilous, seemingly impossible leap from length to length—he was with her, held her in his arms.

"The only chance!" he shouted above the grinding roar of the train. "Leave it to me. Don't try to move!"

He picked her up like a child, balancing himself and making his way with cautious shuffling steps to the edge of the platform. There, with the girl tight-clasped to his breast, he waited; waited for the one chance. Then all at once he kissed her—and the next instant they were in the air. Peltier had jumped.

A contractor from Boston had bought, cut and piled some hundreds of Christmas trees that he was to have shipped out over the log road. The market had broken. The trees were still there. Peltier remembered. And as he leaped for them he threw himself on his back—and Janice Greener escaped without a scratch. Peltier left the hospital in two weeks When he did it was with a warm joy in his heart, for Janice had written him: "Come to me as soon as they will let you. Because, Dave dear, you are such a wonderful, valorous one that you are always going to be—my buffer."

Freedom of the Matrimonial Seas.

Young Harley was home for a few days from a cruise with the merchant marine.

"Well," said the man from the home town, genially, "how have you been enjoying maritime life?"

"I haven't been enjoying it at all, sir," answered the youngster, blushing, "she broke the engagement."—Cartoons Magazine.

Bargains

We offer at Pre-War prices a lot of Sash, Mouldings, Store Drawers, Doors with glass panels, Casing, Shades, Inside blinds, Machinery, Circular saws, Rocking chairs, Kitchen range, and a variety of useful things too numerous to name. Come, phone or write us

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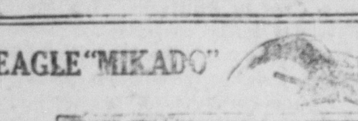

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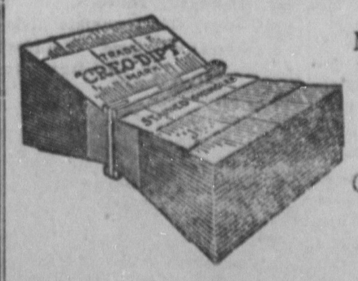

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Agricultural Notes.

Dogs running at large, in violation of the act of assembly of 1917, cost the various counties of the state $79,397.13 during 1919, while 6,550 sheep in the state were either killed or injured by the dogs. The Bureau of Statistics, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, has compiled the dog and sheep information from the reports received from the county commissioners of each county.

During 1919 there were 311,972 dogs licensed in the state, while 70,428 dogs were killed by the constables and police officers and 1,500 were killed by the state game protectors for running at large without licenses

Since the dog law of 1917 has been in operation 147,053 dogs have been killed in the state, while during that period, the various counties paid out the sum of $164,172.23 in damages to sheep, poultry and live stock owners as the result of the depredation of dogs running at large.

In almost every instance, the sheep and poultry have been killed by unlicensed dogs. The future of the sheep and wool industry in the state of Pennsylvania, according to Secretary Frederick Rasmussen of the State Department of Agriculture, depends largely upon the various county and city officers charged with the enforcement of the dog act of 1917.

"If the constables, police officers and county commissioners carry out the dog law provisions to the full, insisting that every dog owner secure licenses for his dogs and that the dogs be kept in restraint, the meadows and hills of the state will abound with sheep, for farmers will find it profitable, while the county commissioners will find it unnecessary to pay out thousands of dollars each year in damage claims growing out of dogs attacking the sheep, other live stock and poultry."

Reports from all sections of the state indicate that dog owners are slow in taking out their 1920 licenses, although the time for securing such licenses is now long over-due and the owner of each unlicensed dog is now subject to arrest and a heavy fine and imprisonment. During 1919, the average sum paid in fines and costs by persons arrested in the state for failure to license their dogs or keep them in proper restraint, was $11.

—

Storage of Fertilizers

In order to keep fertilizers, and especially Acid Phosphate, in a proper mechanical condition for use, all bags containing such materials should be stored in a dry place free from moisture and excessive heat, says the Bureau of Chemistry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Where Spring shipments are made and goods are received previous to the time of being applied to the soil it is necessary to unload cars and store it until the weather and soil conditions are proper for application. If fertilizer is stored in a damp place or where, because of leaky sheds, it may become damp, it is likely to cake and become lumpy making it difficult to use or apply properly. This is especially true in the case of Acid Phosphates which, if not properly stored, will cake and upon becoming damp or over-heated the acid in the Phosphate will rot and destroy the bags. As bags are expensive and of value when saved they should not be permitted to be destroyed. If proper care is taken in the storage of fertilizers a considerable saving will result and much annoyance avoided when the time comes for its use.

—

Cider Ruling

James Foust, Director of the Bureau of Foods, Department of Agriculture, states that the following ruling from Washington, on the cider question, is one of the broadest constructions yet placed on provisions of the act for enforcement of constitutional prohibition:—

Commissioner Kremer says that fruit juices and ciders come within the dry ban if they contain more than one-half of one per cent. alcohol. The Commissioner's interpretation of the law was set forth on January 14th in a memorandum charging prohibition directors and inspectors with the added duty of examining the alcoholic content of such beverages.

The drastic regulation went into effect with constitutional prohibition on Friday, January 16. Violation of it carries the same penalties as for the manufacture or sale of stronger liquors.

Strict enforcement of the regulation will hold liable dealers in fruit juices and ciders in which the alcoholic content increases even while in storage. The department does not, intend however, to gauge all beverages thus produced, officials said, but a "watchful eye" would be kept on these manufacturers and dealers. Natural fermentation will offer no excuse for evasion of the regulation, it was declared.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Isaac Holt, et ux, to Minerva Harris, tract in Huston Twp; $1000.

Emma C. Hurley, et bar, to First Church of Christ, tract in Philipsburg; $6000.

Harry Dukeman, Sheriff, to O. A. Johnston, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $3150.

Mary E. Hess to Ira Rishel, tract in Harris Twp.; $10.

Harry Dukeman, Sheriff, to Toner A. Hugg, tract in Milesburg; $150.

Anna M. Hunter to Simeon Baum, et al, tract in State College; $1.

J. L. Spangler to Benjamin T. Gordon, tract in Bellefonte; $1000.

George C. Harvey, et ux, to Minnie Berger, tract in Howard; $1525.

Charles Struble, et ux, to Harvey B. Haugh, tract in Miles Twp.; $425.

Sarah A. Goodrich to David W. Goodrich, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

John J. Stein's heirs to William D. Strunk, tract in Walker Twp ; $25.

Geo. H. Yarnell, et ux, to Fyetta Strunk, tract in Walker Twp ; $550.

Joshua Rubert, et ux, to Sybilla Rupert, tract in Liberty Twp.; $100

Edgar T. Bechdel, et ux, to Fleming Rupert, tract in Liberty Twp.; $8.

Andrew J. Cook, et ux, to Fred I. Showers, tract in Bellefonte; $2800.

R. D. Bigelow, et ux, to A. B. Curtis, tract in Philipsburg; $8000.

Ernest L. Sauers, et ux, to Elizabeth B. Spotts, tract in State College; $2800.

Elizabeth B Spotts, et bar, to J. Henry Kremer tract in Ferguson Twp.; $1000

Enoch T. Hastings, et ux, to Alto M. Foreman, tract in Bellefonte; $1875.

George G. Hastings' exers. to Alta M. Foreman, tract in Bellefonte; $1875.

Joseph N. Brooks, et ux, to John Weaver, tract in Spring Twp ; $500.

George H. Richards to Louis Adelman, tract in Philipsburg; $8000.

Iva Ma Hoffer et bar, to Geo. H. Richards, tract in Philipsburg; $1.

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Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
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SPRING

Altoona Booster Association
SPRING STYLE WEEK

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Business College
Altoona Business College, Eleventh Ave.

Banks and Trust Co's
Central Trust Co., 1212 Eleventh Ave.
Lincoln Deposit & Trust Co., 1110 Twelfth Ave.
Mountain City Trust Co., Twelfth St.
First National Bank, 11th Ave. and 12th St.
Second National Bank, 1400 Eleventh Ave.

Confectionery and Fruits
Frank Antonelli, 1112 Eleventh Ave.

Department Stores
The Bon Ton Dept. Store, 1315-17 Eleventh Ave.
The Wm. P. Gable Co., 1318-30 11th Ave.
Kline Bros., 1305-1307 Eleventh Ave.
Schwartz Bros., 1301-3 Eleventh Ave.

Drugs and Sundries
Boeckling & Meredith, 1106 Eleventh St.
The Harvey & Carey Co., 1116 Eleventh Ave.
Jacob Sitnek, 1230 Eleventh Ave.

Electric Supplies
Altoona Elec. Eng. & Supply Co., 1114 Twelfth St.

Florists
Myers Bros., 1016 Green Ave.

Furniture Stores
W. S. Aaron, 1426-28 Eleventh Ave.
Rothert Co., 12th Ave. and 12th St.

Grocers
Budde Bros., Masonic Temple, 11th St.

Gas Lighting and Heating Supplies
O. E. McKenzie, 1409½ Eleventh Ave.

Harness and Traveling Goods
G. Casanave, 1213 Eleventh St.

Hardware and Building Supplies
W. H. Goodfellow's Sons, 1319 Eleventh Ave.

Hotels
Colonial Hotel, 1124 Twelfth Ave.

Jewelers
C. G. Brenneman, 1416 Eleventh Ave.
Lippman's, 11th Ave. and 13th St.
Isadore Marcus, 1105 Eleventh Ave.
T. H. Walter, 1323 Eleventh Ave.

Leather, Traveling & Sporting Goods
Altoona Leather Store, 1410 Eleventh Ave.

Ladies' Ready to Wear Stores
Brett's, 1309 Eleventh Ave.
Meyer Jonasson & Co., 1226 Eleventh Ave.
Whitman's, 1124 Eleventh Ave.
Altoona Corset Shop, 1116 Twelfth St.

Beginning March 11

SPRING is here! Spring, with its delightful change in season and in vogue—Spring with a multitude of new and fascinating styles—and *Spring Style Week!* ¶ This is the week all Altoona Booster Association Stores display the new modes of the moment—the changing dictates of fashion for women—and for men as well! And you'll find prices as moderate as the selection is extensive!

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¶ To guarantee economy as well as quality and selection is the purpose of the Altoona Booster Association, comprising the leading merchants and public institutions of the city. Co-operatively serving Altoona and suburban trade, the A.B.A. assures money-saving as well as value-giving!

These A.B.A. Members Serve You Economically

Music, Pianos and Phonographs
A. J. Harter, 11th Ave. and 16th St.
Porch Bros., Inc., 1205 Eleventh St.
F. A. Winter & Son, 1415 Eleventh Ave.

Men's Hat Shops
Canty-Fit-U, 1230 Eleventh Ave.
Pheasant's Hat Shop, 1105 Eleventh Ave.

Men's Ready to Wear Stores
Goldschmid Bros., 11th Ave. and 12th St.
Leopold & Higley, 1121 Eleventh Ave.
S. March & Sons, 1226 Eleventh Ave.
L. F. Stiffler, 1110 Eleventh Ave.
The Westfall Co., 1304 Eleventh Ave.

Morticians
N. A. Stevens, 1421 Eighth Ave.

Merchant Tailors
Raugh Bros., 12th Ave. and 11th St.

Millinery
Neal Millinery Co., 1411-13 Eleventh Ave.

Newspapers
Altoona Times-Tribune Altoona Mirror

Optometrists and Opticians
Spectacle Bazaar, 1112 Eleventh St.
Dr. L. M. Phillips, Central Trust Building, 1212 Eleventh Ave.

Out-Door Advertising
Thos. Cusack Co., 704 Eighth Ave.

Public Service
Penn Central Light & Power Co., 1809 Union Ave.

Restaurants
Beam's, 1117 Eleventh Ave.
Caum's, 1112 Twelfth Ave.

Silk, Woolen and Cotton Goods
C. Hedberg & Co., 1331 Eleventh Ave.

Shoe Stores
S. Bendheim, 1302 Eleventh Ave.
Brett's Shoes, 1310 Eleventh Ave.
Colbus Shoe Store, 1006 Bridge St.
Soyster Shoe Co., 1126 Eleventh Ave.
Lester Shoe Co., 1409 Eleventh Ave.
Royal Boot Shop, 1309½ Eleventh Ave.
A. Simon & Co., 1402 Eleventh Ave.
Homer Hanson, 1109 Eleventh Ave.
The Shoe Market, 11th Ave. and 16th St.

Stationery, Wall Paper, Blank Books
W. H. Barlle, 1327 Eleventh Ave.
H. W. McCartney, 1107 Eleventh Ave.

Theatres
The Mishler, 1206 Twelfth Ave.
Orpheum Theatre, 12th Ave. & 11th St.
The Strand, 1512 Eleventh Ave.

ALTOONA BOOSTER COMMUNITY SERVICE ASSOCIATION

THE REPUBLICAN.

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For National Delegate.

We are re... ...ounce the name of Harry B. Sc... ...burg, Centre County, Pa., as a can... ...elegate to the Republican Nati... ...ntion, subject to the decision of the... ...an Primaries to be held May 18th 192... ...ffice address, Philipsburg, Pa.

We are requested to announce the name of A. H. Gaffney, of Kane, McKean County Pa as a candidate for delegate to the Republican National Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries to be held May 16th 1920. Post office address, Kane, Pa.

Editor The Republican, Bellefonte, Pa.

Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the National Republican Convention to be held in Chicago June 8, 1920 subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries May 18th 1920.

MELLVILLE GILLETT.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 1st., 1920.

For Alternate National Delegate.

We are requested to announce the name of H. B. Muttersbaugh, of Emporium, Cameron County, Pa., as a candidate for Alterante Delegate to the Republican National Convention subject to the decision of the Republica... primaries to be held May 18th, 1920. P. ... Address, Emporium, Pa.

We are requested to announce the name of R. H. Sommerville, of Winburne, Clearfield County, Pa., ... a candidate or Alternate Delegate to the Republican National Convention subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held May 18th, 1920. P. O Address, Winburne, Pa.

For Congress.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to make announcement of the candidacy of Evan J. Jones, of Bradford, McKean County, for nomination for Congress on the Republican ticket in the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held on May 18th 1920. Mr. Jones respectfully submits for the consideration of the Republicans of the district his record as their present Representative in the House in Congress and kindly asks that they accord him their support at the primaries. He extends them the assurance that their support will be deeply appreciated.

For Legislature.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Ives L. Harvey, of Bellefonte, for Republican nomination for Representative in the Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican electors of Centre County at the primaries on May 18th, 1920.

MIXTURE OF MANY NATIONS

On Street of New York Almost Every Type of the Human Race May Be Met.

Walk through Grand street from Third avenue to Clinton street, which is not a long distance, and you have the types of the whole world before you. They are not in concentrated form; they are diluted. But if you analyze, even hurriedly, you will soon be able to know the components of each one of them, according to "Dust of New York," by Konrad Bercovici.

A remote Tartar ancestor of one of the pushcart peddlers is plainly seen in the small, sunken black eyes. In another the straight line of the back of the head tells you that his mother or his grandmother had lived once in Hungary. In another one the Slav type, the flat, fleshy nose is mixed with the Wallachian strong chin. Teuton blood calls out through the heavy cast of an otherwise typical Austrian Jew. A Spanish grandee, as if come out of a page of Cervantes, is selling shoe laces and cuff buttons. And a Moroccan prince, ill at ease in his European garb, is offering to the passer-by some new Burbankian fig-plum-orange combination.

The vendors call out their wares in what seems at first a tongue all their own. But a trained ear soon discovers that it is English, or, rather, that English is the essential component of the chemistry of their language; the rest being words of their own creation, or scraps from a dozen other languages which stuck to the people of woe in their 2,000 years' peregrination from land to land.

PROVED BY HAMMER STROKE

Human Character Frequently Welded Under Blows, Much as Workmen Weld the Iron.

There are metals which improve in quality all the time you stamp and hammer them. Just the same is true of a man, if he have the true heat in him, and makes himself master of the circumstances, instead of slave. Precisely as you may have seen different strands of iron wire brought together in a "bloom," heated red, and struck and struck under a trip hammer till they are made one, so all the different experiences of human life are fused and welded in the process of the formation of character. A man's habits, his methods of reasoning, his imagination and memory, his faith, his hope, his love—are blended together in his character. And the hammering becomes no unimportant part of the process. Certain traits there are which show themselves all through the pounding. Thus, all the hammering of an eternity would not make iron into gold. But a very little hammering will make pig-iron into wrought iron, if you give it heat enough; and so hammered, it will bear a very different strain.—E. E. Hale.

LAUVER IDENTIFIED

Young Train Robber is Former Clearfield Boy With Bad Record.

The Republican in a recent issue published the account of the arrest of Earl Lauver, a young man who held up and robbed a train in the West and got away with upward of $209,000. Lauver, when arrested, said that he had spent some time at Bellefonte and Clearfield. The police officials here were unable to get any trace of him. It now develops that he is a former Clearfield boy, and one with a bad record. The Clearfield "Progress" last week published the account of Lauver's arrest, and in this connection said:

Lauver is a Clearfield boy and went West as a fugitive from justice. On October 29th last he forged and passed a check at the West Side Workman's Store, and another one at the Riverside Hotel, securing the money and making good his getaway, although in both cases warrants were issued as soon as it was found that the checks were phoney. He had a two days' start on the officers and was never apprehended.

On leaving Clearfield Lauver no doubt beat it at once for the far West. According to a government officer in Clearfield almost two weeks ago, inquiring into the young man's antecedents, Lauver located in a Montana county seat town. He was working on the railroad, and becoming acquainted with the District Attorney of the county, was employed by the prosecuting officer as a plain clothes man to assist in running down a gang of burglars, liquor peddlers and counterfeit money passers who were operating extensively in that section. Several floaters or strangers in the town, including Lauver, were rooming at the Y. M. C. A. When suspicion pointed in that direction a search of the "Y." was made and a coat and cap found in one of the lockers were claimed by Lauver as his.

When employed by the District Attorney Lauver was given a brand new automatic revolver, the manufacture'rs number of which was placed on the box. Following the hold-up of the mail clerks this gun was found in the car where it evidently had been dropped by the train robber while gathering up his swag. There was not a single shell in the gun and it is the opinion of the officers that Lauver bluffed the six mail clerks with an empty gun.

About one mile beyond where the robbery occurred the coat and cap found in the Y. M. C. A. locker and claimed by Lauver as his own, were located, and this fact, together with the finding of the gun known to have been in his possession, centered suspicion upon the Clearfield boy as the daring bandit. It is thought he jumped from the train with his plunder at the point where he left his coat and cap, which he had no doubt been wearing as a disguise.

The alarm was sent out at once for Lauver or Olsen, as he was known out there, and while the government officer was in consultation with District Attorney Arnold and Chief of Police Radie on Friday, February 20, he was advised by wire that Olsen had been arrested at Salt Lake City the day previous.

Lauver has been a bad actor and served a term in the Huntingdon Reformatory for a series of robberies, including Philip's store, the ice cream factory and an attempt on Harder's Gun Works. The police say he also passed forged checks on W. P. Norris and at the Third Street Workman's Store a couple of years ago.

Writes From Near East.

Mrs Elinor Cook McDowell, a Bellefonte girl who is engaged in missionary relief work in the Near East, writes from Erivan, under date of Dec. 29th, 1919, to her father Charles F. Cook, of Bellefonte, telling of conditions in that stricken land. Her letter, which is particularly interesting at a time when every effort is being made to raise funds for the Near East Relief work, contains the following comments on conditions as she finds them:

"We surely find much to do down here, and now that cold weather is here of course there are more people to look after. Owing to lack of food, exposure, etc. from 180 to 200 deaths occur daily in the refugee camps. There are also many deaths from typhus, which is now raging. Every day I have to turn eight or ten children away from Kaniku, as the orphanages are full. Some are fat and ragged, and others are very thin, and I do hate to turn them away. At noon on Christmas about 85 youngsters marched three or four miles from Kaniku through the mud (and no mud of Flanders could be worse) to sing Christmas carols to me. They sang in Armenian, but it sounded very nice."

Writing under date of January 5th, Mrs. McDowell said:—

"There is quite a bad epidemic of influenza here. Sunday 15 men died in one department. These people live so close together and owing to short rations their vitality is away below par, so disease hits them very hard.

"We are sorry the United States does not seem inclined to accept the mandatory over Armenia. All the thinking men in the Army over here feel she should."

Read The Republican $1.50 a yearin advance.

STARTING IN RIGHT

By DORA MOLLAN

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Halton Jones was a New Yorker born and bred. A little of the city-dweller's assurance crept into his voice while his arm found its way around Ruth's slender waist. "You do love me, don't you, Ruth?"

"Yes," replied Ruth Redfield, tremblingly but confidently.

So they settled their future under the maple trees by the spring, with an August moon looking down. And the transforming light of that heavenly body slurred kindly over the crude and lovely aspects of the little New England farm, emphasizing the inherent beauty of the scene. To Ruth that moonglow typified Hal's love for her, which, shining down the pathway of life, would transfigure every sordid detail.

The next day Hal's vacation visit in the vicinity came to an end and he returned to the city. "I'm going to plug hard and make good, Ruth, and just as soon as I can save enough so we can start in right we will be married."

Ruth, wonderfully happy, acquiesced. She wanted time to dream over this new element in her life and there would be so many things for her clever Yankee fingers to work on as she dreamed! Things for herself and the new home in the big city.

Mrs. Redfield took the news calmly; life had taught her the futility of taking any news otherwise. "You tell Joe," Ruth requested, not meeting her mother's eye. And Mrs. Redfield did that evening after Ruth had gone to her room. Joe Hodges sat across the table plunged in study, for he attended a nearby agricultural school, doing the rough work on the Redfield farm for his board.

Mrs. Redfield didn't raise her eyes from the rags she was sewing, nor did she reply to the boy's choking, "I'm glad for her." But after a while she walked around the table and put her

Itched for a Chance to Lay His Hand on the Slender City Chap.

hand on the bowed head. "All things turn out for the best Joe," she said. "Good-night."

Then Joe Hodges, clenching his toil-roughened hands, decided to carry on; to stick to his plans for the future—with one change. There would be no woman in them; if Ruth was not for him then he wanted no one. It was characteristic of Joe that he never considered leaving the Redfield farm but stuck on, working harder than ever and trying to be to Ruth as a kindly, helpful brother.

Ruth informed her friends that her wedding would take place the following spring. "Hal wants time to save enough so we can start in right," she would add proudly. "We're going to have one of the most modern apartments, so I won't be a slave to housework."

There followed busy days when Ruth, singing over the task, dyed various scraps of material in bright colors and cunningly fashioned them into gay little rugs. Then word came from Hal that he feared the rugs she described wouldn't fit at all in the sort of apartment he had planned to take. Ruth put them away regretfully; but in a few days bits of white material and dainty laces took their place and the singing was resumed.

After another letter from Hal these vanished also. Ruth elaborately explained to her mother that Hal had advised saving her money and buying everything in the city at the last moment. "He says styles change so rapidly one can't be sure so far ahead that things will be right." Mrs. Redfield's lips came together in a straight line, but she offered no remonstrance in words.

As spring drew near Hal received a raise. "Everything looks fine for the big event to come off as per schedule," he wrote. On the heels of this followed less cheerful news. The rents of model apartments had advanced faster than his salary. Didn't Ruth think they had better wait till they could afford what they wanted? Ruth answered "yes," as she was so evidently expected to do.

Next Ruth busied her restless hands with curtains, hemstitching them with infinite care, happy in the belief that they couldn't fail to fit into any simple home. But Hal vetoed them, too, when he came on for his summer vacation. "Nobody uses plain white curtains now," he explained with elaborate kindness. "They must match the color scheme of the room they are designed for. We'll buy them."

Joe overhearing this, itched for a chance to lay his strong hands on the slender city chap; to take him by the collar and knock some sense into his head, or some nonsense out.

When Hal left he assured Ruth that they would be married by Christmas sure. But the girl's interest in things seemed to lag. Christmas drew near; Hal wrote that the firm declined to give him a vacation then. Whenever Joe's eyes fell on Ruth's listless face, he harbored thoughts akin to murder. But Mrs. Redfield's words recurred to him: "All things turn out for the best."

So Joe just plodded ahead and carried out his plans. In March he finished his agricultural course and bought an abandoned farm nearby. There was a dilapidated house on the property, and into this he moved. Another hired man took his place on the Redfield farm.

Ruth was working feverishly making Joe's house comfortable for him. She brought out the gay rag rugs and the hemstitched white curtains. When Joe attempted to remonstrate she answered that she had no use for them and not enough to do to keep her busy.

When the house was as complete as she could make it, Ruth formed the habit of spending an hour or two each day putting it in order for its lonely occupant. She chose the time when Joe was at work in the fields. One day he returned unexpectedly and found her there, sitting in the middle of his kitchen floor, alternately plying a scrubbing brush and wiping tears from her eyes.

"What's wrong now, Ruth?" Joe demanded. "Tell me and I'll fix it for you somehow." His tone augured ill for an offending person; it was well for Halton Jones, just then, that he was many miles away.

"You ought to get married, Joe. I—I can't come to fix the house for you any more."

"You're going to be married soon yourself?" Joe brought the words out with difficulty. Then he added bitterly, "It will be some time before I can 'start right.' My wife will have to work some, I fear."

"The Lord worked, Joe. He made the world; he didn't buy it out of a department store! And I'll never marry any man who won't let me work; so there! I wrote Hal so last week."

"Then marry me," said Joe. And Ruth did.

MADE WATERS SEEM ALIGHT

San Diego Citizens Once Greatly Disturbed by Visit of Countless Millions of Annelidas.

One evening in the February of a recent year the citizens of San Diego, Cal., experienced quite a scare, almost a panic. About eight o'clock the calm surface of their beautiful bay presented such a tremendous phosphorescent glow that many persons living on the bordering hillsides became greatly alarmed, rushed to their telephones and anxiously called up the fire department to inquire as to the cause of masses of fiery lights that gleamed on the water.

Definite knowledge relative to the strange sight was not fully obtained, however, until the next day, when the chief of the state marine biological station, after closely examining a bucketful of the eellike worms, which had been captured by an old skipper on the ferryboat, explained that the bright light was caused by millions of small reptiles known as annelidas that had suddenly come to the surface. He further mentioned that these strange creatures had a habit of making periodical visits about once every 15 years.

From eight o'clock to midnight the broad harbor in front of the city appeared to be filled to the brim with luminous snakes, its waters being literally alive with wriggling phosphorescent reptiles, averaging about two feet in length, their slender, flat bodies resembling shiny blades of matted grass. So thickly massed were the squirming reptiles that the steam launches from the anchored warships in the harbor were apparently barely able to make headway through them and many thousands of the lustrous snakes were killed by being crushed in the propellers of the vessels.

Light and Power for Farms.

A new lighting and power plant for the farm discards the usual storage battery, is designed for starting at any one of four distant points, and is claimed to avoid wasting energy. Its capacity is the equivalent of 30 25-volt lamps. On turning on one light, the generator runs at speed just sufficient for that light, and more lights cause an automatic electric governor to open the engine carburetor just enough for the additional load. A single-cylinder gasoline engine drives the 750-watt multipolar generator. The generator has two commutators, and one winding for the 110-volt lighting current with another for a six-volt self-starter.

Secret of Success.

Mrs. Backlot—You seem to have had wonderful luck with your victory garden.

Mrs. Earlyup—Yes. Every one says I was lucky to marry such a good gardener.

DIVE WITH WOUNDED WHALE

Japanese "Ride" Their Quarry if It Sinks After the Harpoon Has Done Its Work.

Japanese whalemen are skilled and daring in their profession, often encountering a great many dangers. Many give up their lives to accomplish the main thing at issue—the capture of the whale. The expert of the whaling crew must prove his mettle after the whale has become exhausted from being harpooned.

The skilled Japanese jumps on the whale's back, cutting two gashes in the head. Often the animal makes a deep dive, but the little Japanese must hold fast to his quarry and dive also, trusting to his fates that the air supply in his lungs will last as long as the whale's.

The Japanese is safer from being drowned than from being crushed by the infuriated animal's tail. If the hunter lets go it usually means death, so he hangs on to the diving quarry. Frequently these whalemen lose their lives from drowning, but the members of their crew look upon this misfortune with something of a fatalistic regard.

When the animal is finally caught and towed to shore the Japanese make huge excavations, penetrating inside the animal's body as though entering a mine shaft or gallery, and eventually making their exit covered with blood. This gruesome sight is looked upon as a matter of course among Japanese whalemen.

RESEMBLED AN UNUSED HOME

Archeologist Describes Sensation on Entering Egyptian Tomb More Than 3,000 Years Old.

In February, 1905, an American explorer in Egypt, T. M. Davis, discovered the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa, father and mother of that Queen Tyi whose influence played so great a part in Akhenaten's religious reformation.

The tomb was intact and the objects it contained were as perfectly preserved as if they had been shut up only a few weeks. One of the archeologists described his sensations on entering the place as being very much like those of a man who enters a town house which has been shut up for the summer. Armchairs stood about, beautifully carved and decorated with gold, the cushions on one of them, stuffed with down and covered with linen so perfectly preserved that they might have been sat upon or tossed about without injury. Two beds of fine design, decorated with gold, occupied another part of the chamber, while a light chariot in perfect preservation stood in a corner. Most startling of all was the discovery of a jar of honey, still liquid and still preserving its characteristic scent after 3,300 years!

Cardinal Manning.

The middle of the nineteenth century saw a great movement in England toward the Church of Rome. Among the many well-known converts was Henry E. Manning, who had been a clergyman in the Church of England for over fifteen years. He entered the Roman priesthood and was ultimately made cardinal archbishop of Westminster. He died January 14, 1892.

What He Forgot.

"Were you not taught in school to be polite, Tommie?"

"Yes, mother, I was; but I was taught so many things I can't remember 'em all."

JUST DISAPPEAR, THAT'S ALL

English Newspaper Points Out How Easy It Is to Become "Talk of the Town."

Any inhabitant of any English village can make himself the "talk of the town" if he will only go away from it suddenly without leaving any address. There is no person of any consequence too dull, too harmless, or too respectable to become the hero of any imaginary crime or good deed if only he will disappear. In a moment he is a center of romance.

If he came back incognito at the end of the proverbial "nine days," which means of course a much longer time than a week and a half, he would not recognize the highly colored portrait which would be shown him of himself. What did he ever do, he might wonder, to be thought so bad or so good, so strange or so silly? There is no reputation which could stand up unaccountable departure.

Such a vague heading as "Disappearance of a Lady" obviously attracts many readers or we should not see it so often in the public press. Of course, if it can be made a little more definite, and the disappeared person's birthplace, daily work, or social condition can be particularized, the romantic instinct of the multitude is even more certain to be awakened. The notion that someone has not been buried, though every evidence is there to prove that he or she has died, is a recurrent source of squalid romance.—London Times.

TO REVIVE SHOCK SUFFERERS

Application of Artificial Respiration Must Be Kept Up Despite Seeming Discouragement.

Dr. S. Jellinek, analyzing the effects of severe electric shocks received by contact with the electrified wire fences during the World war, wrote in Elektrotechnik und Maschinenbau that an important factor was the state of preparedness of the victim.

Experience, says the Scientific American, has shown that a shock which was likely to prove fatal if received unexpectedly, was harmless when anticipated. Experiments on animals have confirmed this impression and have been instrumental in showing that physiological effects of shocks administered with direct and indirect current are distinctly different.

It is also remarked that a close resemblance to death after shock should not be accepted too readily as proof. Persons apparently dead have not infrequently recovered when artificial respiration was applied. It is best to give the victim the benefit of the doubt.

Make Your Speech Short.

It's a mark of business ability to say much in few words. It saves time. The man at the other end of the wire doesn't want a sermon from you. He called you for facts, not entertainment. If that were on his mind he would go to the theater and get the real thing. Neither does your correspondent want to read a page to learn that you want six sectional cases, quartered oak, dark finish, size 124, grade 200, shipped by express. He wants your order in the fewest words. It saves him time and it will save yours, too. It's a good thing to aim at the greatest conciseness and exactness of expression. You are apt to make fewer mistakes when you can make few words tell your whole story. You will rise in the business world as you are able to do it.

Advertise in The Republican

Bellefonte Trust Company
BELLEFONTE, PA

Why You Should Make A Will
To Protect Your Loved Ones. To Safeguard Your Estate

By making a Will you can appoint the Bellefonte Trust Company as your Executor or Trustee.

You can thus assure to your heirs the business management and financial responsibility which this institution affords.

Your wishes can be observed in the distribution of your property, for if you do not leave a Will the law may divide up your possessions in a way that you might not desire.

How Have You Made Your Will?

Do not write your own Will. "Home made" Wills are dangerous and often cause law-suits, because, when drawing a Will, the law must be known both as to wording and terms. Consult a lawyer to day about the making of your Will and have him name the Bellefonte Trust Company to act as your Executor and Trustee.

J. L. SPANGLER, President
C. T. GERBERICH, Vice President
N. E. ROBB, Secy. & Treas.

Correspondence

Boalsburg.

Miss Rhoda Harrison, of State College, was an over-Sunday visitor with friends here.

Paul Coxey, who is attending school at Valparaiso, Indiana, is spending some time at his home here.

Misses Gladys, Hazel and Louise McKeon, of State College, hiked to Boalsburg on Saturday where they remained until Sunday evening at the former's home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hosterman attended the funeral of Mr. Rudy at Huntingdon on Monday.

Among the persons from a distance who attended the funeral of Mrs. Lawrence McElvaine on Saturday were, Mrs. J. M. Wieland, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Byle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Snyder and Guy and Boyd Wieland, all of Lebanon; Mr. and Mrs. Scott Wieland, of Hughesville, Mr. Mrs. C. U Wieland, of Mt. Union; John Zeigler, of Altoona, and Daniel Wieland, Judson McElvaine and Donald Wieland, of State College.

Frank Fisher, of Attoona, was a recent visitor at the Fisher home here.

There will be services in the Lutheran church Sunday evening, March 14th, at 7.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Lawrence McElvaine Dead.

Mrs. Leona Catherine McElvaine, of Bentleysville, died on Wednesday, March 3rd, from pneumonia following influenza. The deceased who before her marriage was Miss Leona Catherine Wieland, was born at Boalsburg, April 17th, 1893, a daughter of John and Rosie Wieland. At the time of death she was aged 26 years, 10 months and 17 days. She married Mr. McElvaine in October, 1917. He is now recovering from an attack of pneumonia and was unable to accompany the body to Boalsburg for the interment. Surviving are the husband and parents who reside at Lebanon, and these brothers and sisters: Mrs. William Klinger, of Shingletown; Guy Wieland, Mrs. Ray Byle, Boyd Wieland, Mrs. William Snyder and Dorothy and Charlotte and Daniel Wieland, of Lebanon.

Mrs. Cassie Lyons Dead.

Mrs. Cassie, widow of Shuman Lyons, died at her late home at Lyontown last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. She was aged 82 years on October 30th, last. She was a daughter of the late William and Rachel Young and was born in the vicinity in which she made her home for many years. Her husband died five years ago. Surviving are these children: Edward, of Elkhorn, W. Va.; Mrs. Charles Johnsonbaugh and Henry, of Lyontown; William, of Bellefonte, and Frank, of Mt. Carmel. There survive also a brother and these sisters: Mrs. Emma Klinger and Henry Young, of Bellefonte; Christ D. Young, of Kermoor; Mrs. Jennie Black, of Port Allegany. Mrs. Lyons was a member of the Weaver M. E. church. Funeral services were held from the late home Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, interment being made at Curtin.

Miss Helen C. Merrey Dead.

Miss Helen C. Merrey, daughter of the late Hon. J. W. Merrey, of Beech Creek, died last Friday at the home of her niece, Mrs. Clarence E. Faber, in Harrisburg, after an illness of ten days of pneumonia. The body was removed Monday afternoon to the home of deceased's sister, Mrs. Harry B. Clark, Beech Creek, where funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 10.30 o'clock, in charge of Rev. Lewis V. Barber, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Interment was made in the Hayes-Pearon cemetery.

Death of Child.

Russell Williams, aged 1 year, 9 months and 2 days, son of William L. and Edna May Smith, of Bush Addition, died from pneumonia last Sunday night at 12 o'clock. Surviving are the parents and two sisters, Myrtle Marie and Katheleen May. Burial was made Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock at the Union cemetery in Bellefonte. The sympathy of many friends is with the parents in the time of their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Floyd Miller Dead.

Mrs. Madeline Cook Miller, wife of Floyd Miller, died on Wednesday of last week at Orviston, aged 27 years. Death was due to influenza. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cook, of Howard. Surviving are her husband and a son, Charles, aged one year. Funeral services were held at Howard on Friday.

Mrs. Sarah E. Snyder Dead.

Mrs. Sarah E. Snyder died at Blanchard last Saturday, aged about 70 years. Burial was made on Monday. Surviving are a brother, Thompson Snyder, of [illegible] College, and two sisters, Mrs. [illegible] Bechdel, of Blanchard, and Mrs. [illegible] Smith, of Winlock, Washing-

[illegible]s. Phoebe Peter Dead.

[illegible]ebe Peter, widow of the late [illegible]r, and a life-long resident of [illegible]ch Creek, died last Saturday [illegible]ged 83 years.

NEW INDUSTRY HERE

(continued from page 1)

Certainly, nothing is further from our minds than disposing of our plant and the newspaper article above referred to is the first intimation we've had that we're about to sell out.

Also, at the time that this article is written we are still in possession of our lease for the Milesburg property though we may vacate that when we get our new Melting Room completed at the upper plant, plans for which are still in our head.

We feel that this correction of certain rumors is necessary to put at rest any apprehension on the part of our employees and all others who wish us well and to warn people against such a careless handling of the truth as is apparent in the article above referred to

R. W. FUNK,
President Titan Metal Co.

George E. Lamb Dead.

George E. Lamb, one of the best known residents of Philipsburg, died last Thursday morning after an illness of one day less than two weeks with a complication of diseases. He was born at Herndon, Northumberland county, November 21, 1860. As a youth he located at Philipsburg some forty years ago and assisted in erecting the first Bell Telephone lines in vicinity Religiously Mr. Lamb was a member of the Catholic church. Politically he was a staunch Republican and in 1902 he was the Republican nominee for prothonotary of Centre County, being defeated, however, at the general election. On May 1, 1888 he was united in marriage with Miss Anna Riley, of Osceola Mills, who preceded him in death just fourteen months ago on Wednesday. He leaves no children but is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Harry A. Lamb, of Piedmont, Mo.; John Lamb, of Coatesville; Charles, a druggist, of Shamokin; Ben Lamb, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Della Werick, of Sunbury. He was a member of Red Warrior Tribe, I. O. R. M., Philipsburg Lodge, B. P. O. E. and Philipsburg Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose.

William J. Evey Dead.

William J. Evey died last Thursday morning at his late home at Valley View from a complication of ailments. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, Rev. Dr. W. K. McKinney officiating. Interment was made at the Union cemetery. The deceased was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Evey and was aged at the time of death 53 years and 6 months. Surviving are his widow, who was formerly Miss Martha Millet, and these children: Mrs. Albert Peters, of Tyrone; George, of Porturion, Mich.; Mrs. Clair M. Lose and Edmund, at home. There survive also these brothers and sisters; Harry Evey, of Hollidaysburg; Jared, of Pleasant Gap; Edgar, of Ohio; Mrs. Samuel Zettle, Mrs. Charles Zettle, Mrs. Harry Griffith, Miss Elizabeth Evey, all of Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. Lawrence Meeker, of Bellefonte. Mr. Evey was a member of the United Brethren church at Valley View. He was a splendid type of citizen, was well and favorably known and by a host of friends his death is keeply mourned.

Married at Port Matilda.

A quiet but very pretty wedding was solemnized at Port Matilda last Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock when Oliver S. Acker and Miss Elizabeth Reese were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by the bride's pastor, Rev. Charles F. Carll. Those in attendance included the bride's mother, Mrs. Katherine J. Reese, Leroy M. Reese and family, and Paul Kelley. Mr. and Mrs. Acker will reside on the farm formerly owned by John Thomas, along the State road about two miles above Port Matilda. They have been launched upon the matrimonial seas with the best wishes of a host of admiring friends.

Record of Industrial Fatalities.

Industrial workers in Centre County suffered two fatalities during February, according to a report issued today by Clifford B. Connelley, Commissioner of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry, at Harrisburg. There were 213 fatal accidents throughout the State during the month. Ninety-six of the accidents occurred to persons employed in industries, forty-five to public service workers, and seventy-two to miners. There were twenty-eight fewer fatalities in the State in February than during the previous month, when 241 were reported by State Bureau of Inspection.

Are You a Farmer?

Thursday evening, March 4th, about sixty farmers from the southwestern part of Centre County gathered at the Farmers Trust Co. bank at State College and decided to organize for mutual benefit. A committee was appointed to formulate plans for organization and to report at the next general meeting to be held in Room No. 100, Horticultural Building, State College, Thursday evening, March 18, at 7.30 o'clock. Every farmer interested in his own welfare and that of the community should attend and bring his neighbors to this meeting.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year.

Found Unconscious in Home.

Leonard Metzger, an aged resident of Beech Creek, was found unconscious in bed at his home last Wednesday evening. He did not regain consciousness until the follow day. It is supposed that he suffered a slight stroke of apoplexy. Neighbors who had missed him for a day or two finally effected an entrance to his home by means of a ladder.

Mrs. Clarence Johnson Dead.

Mrs. Clarence Johnson died last week at Howard from pneumonia. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Schenck, residing below Howard.

Penny-A-Word Column

PROPERTY—Dwelling house at Milesburg for sale. Toner A. Hugg, Milesburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Combination China closet and Buffet, Period Design. H. C. Emerick West Lamb St.

FOR RENT—Desirable house for small family in good location. B. F. Steele, 120 E. Howard St, Bellefonte, Pa.

FARMER—Good farmer; wanted for stock farm at WarriorsMark. Apply 135 West Linn St., Bellefonte.

HELP WANTED—Girls wanted; $2.50 per day; no experience required. Apply Penn State Laundry, State College, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dark Oak Book-Case, with three doors, in good condition. Mrs B. H. Crider, 57 E. Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Workmen at plant of Eastern Refractories Company, Port Matilda. Apply in person or by letter to L. Y. Greene, Supt., Port Matilda, Pa.

REAL ESTATE WANTED—We have ready purchasers for improved farms in Center county—let us know what you have to offer, The McVey Co. Bellefonte, Pa. 4-t

FOR SALE—Reo touring car, in first class condition; also carriage and rubber tired buggy. Inquire at The Republican office.

EARN $30.00 WEEKLY showing samples for large cut-rate grocery mail order house. Men wanted everwhere. Sample case free. The Independent Association, Detroit, Mich.

BUSINESS CHANCES—Send a dollar for a share of stock in large corporation and information that may make your fortune. Initial purchase limited to five shares. Brown Comanche Box 927, Phoenix, Ariz.

AGENTD WANTED—Live lady or gentlemen agent wanted in Bellefonte for Watkins Products. Agents average profits are $1.00 an hour. Catalogs free. Write today. J. R. Watkins Co., Dept. R, Winona, Minn.

HELP WANTED—Exceptional opportunity for salesmen and good talker. Experience not necessary. All or part time. Greatest talked of and most needed commodity in the world. P. O. Box 872, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HELP WANTED—Fibre house brooms outwear 5 corn brooms guaranteed 1 year. 24 brooms carried in ordinary suit case. Agents working sample $1.25 postpaid. Keystone Fibre Broom Co. Pittsburgh, Penna.

WANTED—Married couples without dependent children, between the ages of 30 and 50, to take charge of cottages and care for and train delinquent boys housed therein. People interested in helping boys particularly desired. Salary $69 per month and maintenance for couple increasing with term of service. Address Supt. Thorn Hill School, Warrendale, Pa.

FOR SALE—Two new Delco Light Plants with 80 and 160 amp. hour batteries. Wishing to reduce my stock, will sell at a very low price. Snyder's Garage, State College, Pa. Bell phone 200.

LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN from the Lehigh Valley Cattle pasture, on Beech Creek, one dark bay colt, three years old (rather large for age). Any information, kindly notify The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Memorial Life of Roosevelt, America's War for Humanity each $2.00. 50 per cent. commission to agents. Ford Automobile given free for 90 days best record sales. Send 20c for each outfit. F. B. Dickerson Co., Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE—Two new Delco Light Plants with 80 and 160 amp. hour batteries, Here is a real bargain for any one wishing electric lights for the farm. Telephone or call at garage and my price will surprise you. Bell phone 200. C. E. Snyder, State College, Pa.

FOR SALE—Rocker, 8 chrirs, small rubber tired tricycle, clothes horse, railroad attachments for bicycle, double-size crib and springs, lawn or camping chairs, kitchen table and baby carriage. All good, and will sell cheap. B. F. Steele, 120 E. Howard St., Bellefonte, Pa.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED.—For best Ford accessory ever invented. Every owner wants it. The only positive water pump for Fords. No mechanic needed to install. Some excellent territory still open for financially responsible representatives. Big profits. Address Amalga Products Corp., 2554 W. Fillmore St., Chicago.

AGENTS:—$100 weekly possible introducing sensational new winter automobile fuel. Specially adapted to cold weather. Starts easy. Adds power, mileage and reduces operating expense. Endorsed by thousands. Territory going like wildfire. Act quick. $28 sample outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 1001 Louisville, Ky.

NURSES—The Suburban General Hospital, Bellevue, Pa., located in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Pittsburg offers a three-year course of training in Nursing to young women of good moral character between the ages of 18 and 35. A liberal salary with maintenance is paid during the entire course. Fall class opens Oct 1, for full information write the Sup't of Nurses. 2-t

$13,000 For Township Roads.

The State Highway Department at Harrisburg last Saturday announced the apportionment of the $1,000,000 fund for State aid for township roads. Centre County, with a township road mileage of 974 miles, is allotted $13,008.34

Notice by Publication.

In the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Centre, Pa., No. 76, May Term, 1918.

Henry J. Kohlbecker vs. Frank C. Kohlbecker, Stella M. Kohlbecker, Frances A. Kohlbecker, Josephine A. Kohlbecker, and Alois Kohlbecker, Jr., of Charleston, West Virginia, Henry J. Kohlbecker Guardian of Emma Kohlbecker, of Boggs Township, Centre County, Pa., Mary C. Vallimont and Felix Vallimont her husband, of Coudley, Pa.

To Frank C. Kohlbecker, Stella M. Kohlbecker, Frances A. Kohlbecker, Josephine A. Kohlbecker, and Alois Kohlbecker, Jr., of Charleston, West Virginia, Mary C. Vallimont and Felix Vallimont her husband, of Coudley, Pa.

You are hereby notified and required to be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Bellefonte, in the County of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, on the Third Monday of May, 1920, next, to answer the plaintiff in the above-stated case of a plea wherefor, whereas the plaintiff and the defendants, in said action, together and undivided, to hold ten certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situate in Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

No. 1—All that certain messuage, tenements and tracts of land situate in the Township of Boggs, County and State aforesaid, beginning at a Walnut corner, thence North 28 one-fourth degrees West 130 perches to a white oak stump corner, thence South 56 degrees West 80 perches to stone corner, thence South 32 degrees East 52 perches to a stone, thence South 56 degrees West 18 perches to a stone corner, thence South 30 degrees East 56 perches to stones, thence South 59 degrees West 16 perches to stone, thence South 32 degrees East 5 perches to a fallen cherry on the bank of Bald Eagle creek, thence North 74 degrees East 37 perches to a post, thence North 50 degrees East 14 perches to a post, thence North 30 degrees East 16 perches to post, thence North 18 degrees West 29 four-tenths perches to post, thence North 77 degrees East 19 perches to the place of beginning, containing 68 acres and 78 perches net. Being part of a larger tract of land originally surveyed in the name of Christian Spade, see Patent Book "AA" Volume 13, page 212, and being the same premises which Jacob Kidlinger and Mary his wife, by their deed dated January 1, 1864, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book "Y" page 502, etc., granted and conveyed to John Bronoel (the name of said Bronoel in said deed having been incorrectly spelled Brunewell), and the said John Bronoel having been so thereof seized died leaving to survive him a widow, Mary E. Bronoel (afterwards intermarried with John Reily and the said John Reily now being dead), and eight children which by deed from the heirs of John Bronoel bearing date the 11th day of December, 1883, and recorded in Centre County in Deed Book "Y" No. 2, page 635, became vested in Alois Kohlbecker excepting, however, two tracts heretofore conveyed to R E company containing 789 acres and about 10 acres respectively.

No. 2—All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in Central City, in the Township of Boggs, County and State aforesaid, and designated as Lot No. 1½ in the general plan of said Central City, bounded and described as follows:—

On the South and West by public road, leading from Milesburg to Unionville, on the North by the said Bald Eagle valley railroad and on the East by lot of Samuel Orris, it being the same lot of ground which E. C. Humes and Adam Hoy, administrators of James T. Hale, deceased, by their deed dated March 14, 1867, conveyed to Rebecca Linn, which by conveyances became vested in Alois Kohlbecker.

No. 3—All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Central City, Boggs Township, County and State aforesaid numbered 115 according to the plot or plan of the said town, and bounded on the West by Lot No. 114, on the North by an alley, and on the East by Lot No. 116, on the South by the turnpike, being the same premises which John C. Swires, et ux, and C. C. Swires conveyed to Alois Kohlbecker, said deed being recorded in Centre County in Deed Book, No. 66, page 68, etc.

No. 4—All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Central City, Boggs Township, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—

On the North by the old turnpike, on the East by the western line of Lot No. 11 extending across the turnpike to the Bald Eagle creek, on the South by Bald Eagle creek, and on the West by lot of Daniel Mahone, being the same premises which E. C. Humes and Adam Hoy, administrators of James T. Hale, conveyed to Alois Kohlbecker by their deed dated September 1, 1883, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book "V2" page 652, etc.

No. 5—All that triangular piece of ground lying at the junction of the Snow Shoe pike, Bald Eagle creek and Bald Eagle valley railroad, west end of Central City Pa., bounded on the North by alley in town plot of Bald Eagle railroad, on the South by Bald Eagle creek and Snow Shoe turnpike, on the East by alley on town plot, and on the West by B. E. V. Railroad and Bald Eagle creek and turnpike crossing, at which point the land terminates in sharp point thereby making it three-cornered containing 20 square feet more or less. Being the same premises which E. B. Lipton, et al, by their deed dated April 18, 1890, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book 64, page 178, conveyed to A. Kohlbecker.

No. 6—All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Union Township, County and State aforesaid, beginning at a chestnut oak on line of land of Reuben Liddings' heirs, thence along same South 60 degrees West 102 perches to stones, thence along land of Joseph Hoover 30 degrees East 82 perches to a chestnut oak, thence along land of William P. Fisher 60 degrees East 102 perches to a post, thence along land of Jacob Hoover's heirs North 30 degrees West 82 perches to chestnut oak, the place of beginning. Containing 52 acres and 44 perches neat measure. Being the same premises which William F. Way by deed dated October 28, 1899, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book 82, page 198, conveyed to Alois Kohlbecker. For right of way in connection with this property see deed last recited.

No. 7—All that certain lot of ground situate in Eagleville, County and State aforesaid, beginning at a point in center of public road, thence joining lots of Mrs. Maggie McCloskey 280 feet to a post, thence joining lands of David Kunes 10 feet to a post, thence by S. M. Hall 280 feet to a post in the center of the public road 10 feet to the place of beginning, containing 2800 square feet, being the same premises which Sarah McCloskey by her deed dated March 16, 1897, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book No. 76, page 40, conveyed to Alois Kohlbecker.

No. 8—All that certain lot of ground situate in the Village of Eagleville, County and State aforesaid, beginning at a stone corner in the center of the public road, thence along the line of Samuel H. Kunes and James I. Kunes 280 feet to a post, thence along land of David Kunes, Sr., 43 one-half feet to a stone corner, thence along land of McCormick Hall 280 feet to the center of public road, thence along said public road 42 one-half feet to the place of beginning, containing a quarter of an acre more or less. Being the same premises which Sarah McCloskey by her deed dated March 16, 1897, recorded in Centre County, Volume 76, page 41, conveyed to Alois Kohlbecker.

No. 9—All those four certain lots of ground situate in Central City, Boggs Township, Centre County, and State aforesaid, fronting on the Township Road leading from Milesburg to the Ridges, being designated in the general plan of Central City as Lots Nos. 28, 29, 30 and 27 thereon erected a two and one-half story frame dwelling house and other temporary buildings. The same was conveyed to Alois Kohlbecker by deed poll of Robert Cook, Sheriff, August 20, 1888, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book Volume 54, page 648.

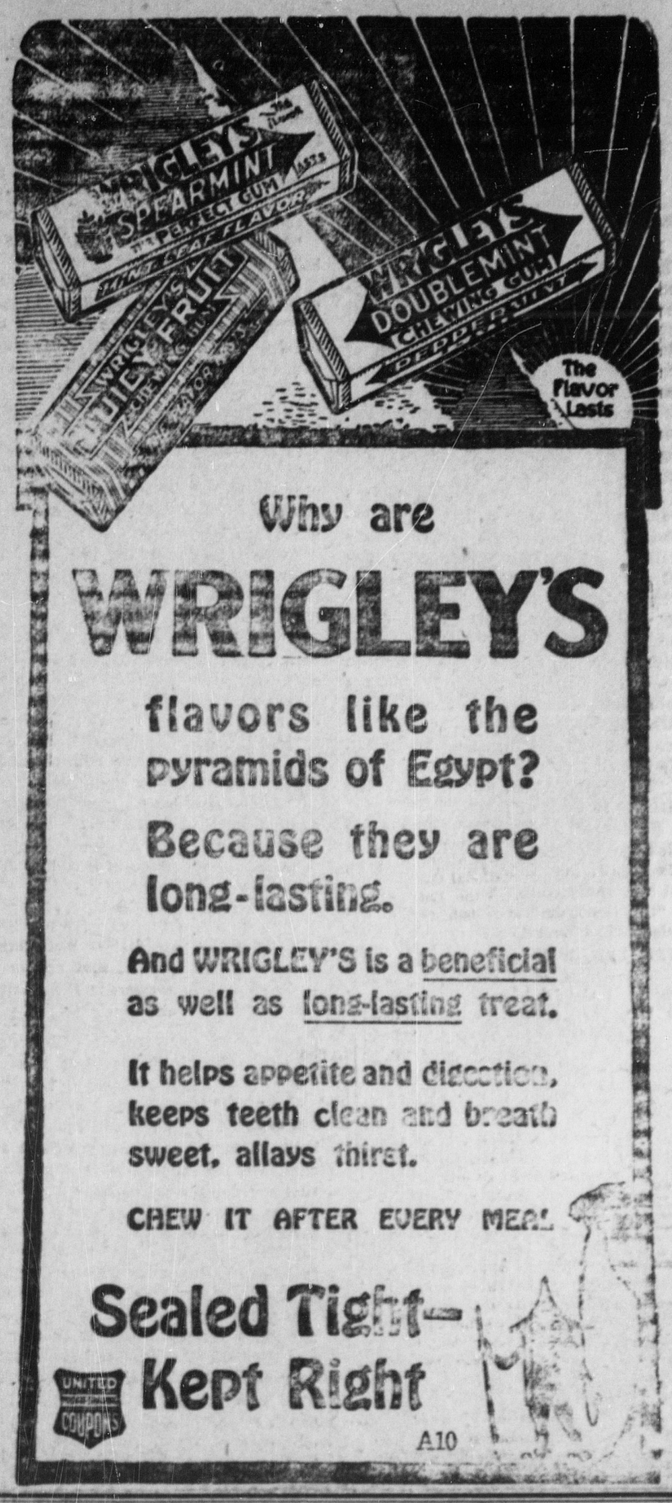
No. 10—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in Central City, Boggs Township, County and State aforesaid, fronting on Railroad Street 50 feet and running back to an alley 199 feet, adjoining lot of Benjamin Snyder, and being numbered in the general plan of said Central City as Lot No. 165. Being the same premises which John G. Uzzle conveyed to Annie M. Kohlbecker, by deed dated October 18, 1895, recorded in Centre County in Deed Book Volume 73, page 51.

With the appurtenances, they the said defendants partition thereof between them, according to the laws and customs of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to be made do gainsay and to the same to be done do not permit very unjustly and contrary to the same laws and customs, etc., the same Frank C. Kohlbecker, Stella M. Kohlbecker, Frances A. Kohlbecker, Josephine A. Kohlbecker, and Alois Kohlbecker, Jr., of Charleston, West Virginia, Henry J. Kohlbecker, Guardian of Emma Kohlbecker, of Boggs Township, Centre County, Pa., Mary C. Vallimont and Felix Vallimont her husband, of Coudley, Pa., thereof between them to be made accordingly to the laws and customs and have you then and there this writ and the summoners.

By order of the Court, this 27th day of February, A. D., 1920.

Harry Dukeman,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Bellefonte, Pa., March 2nd, 1920.



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A10

Biblical Petroleum.

Petroleum is first mentioned in the Bible in the account of the destruction of the tower of Babel. The partially evaporated fluid is there referred to as "slime," which "they had for mortar."

Blast by Electricity.

South African gold mines are experimenting with blasting by electricity with a view to minimizing the fine dust, which is thought to be the chief cause of miners' phthisis.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Matter of the estate of Henry F. Kessinger, late of Liberty Township, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County No.——

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County to pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of the Accountant, and re-state the account if necessary, in accordance with his findings, and make distribution to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, in the estate of Henry F. Kessinger, late of Liberty Township, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment and meet the parties in interest at his offices in the Masonic Temple Bldg., Bellefonte, Pa., on Wednesday, April 7th 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. when and where the parties in interest are required to appear, present their claims, or be forever barred from coming in upon the fund as shown to be due for distribution purposes in said estate.

W. HARRISON WALKER.
Auditor.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 12th, 1920,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in Boggs Township, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a post in the public road leading to Wallis Run; thence along land of Philip Resides, now Edward Heaton, South eleven degrees West, twenty perches to a yellow pine; thence by land of Linn & McCoy, South seventy-nine degrees East, forty-eight perches to stones; thence by the Milesburg and Marsh Creek Public road, North twenty degrees West, twenty-eight perches to a post; thence North seventy-three degrees four perches to post thence by land of Philip Resides, now Edward Heaton, North seventy-nine degrees West, twenty-seven and five-tenth perches to the place of beginning; Containing five acres and forty perches; Being the same tract of land which Rankin Hollobaugh and wife, by deed dated July 10, 1903 and recorded in the Recorder's Office in Deed Book 91, page 32 granted and conveyed to Bertha E. Young.

Thereon erected one Frame Dwelling House.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Bertha E. Young.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid full.

Harry Dukeman,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Bellefonte, Pa.
Feb. 17th, 1920.

Advertise in The Republican.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
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Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

A Bank Should be Something More Than A Place to Keep Money

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

HAMLET AND THE LADY

By MARY MORISON

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

No one would have recognized Iris Ybarra, the most beautiful vampire in moviedom, in the smart little figure that sauntered into Central Park that bright fall afternoon. Clad in a dark blue suit of simple cut, a bunch of fragrant violets pinned at her belt, she looked like sweet sixteen personified—a figure of "Spring" that has lost her way on the yearly calendar, arriving in our autumnal world too late for practical use.

Iris sat down on a bench in the warm sunlight and smiled at the babies in their carriages. Every lady smiled back at Iris. But finally they all went home—and then Iris' attention centered itself on the tragic face of a man seated on an adjoining bench. He had not noticed the babies with their smiles. All the afternoon he had been sitting there, eyeing a coin held listlessly in his hand, and at this moment, with a defiant toss of his head, he was flipping it up in the air. He leaned forward to see how it fell.

"Tails," Iris heard him mutter. "I'll make it two out of three."

He tossed again. Before he could pick up the silver piece Iris was at his elbow, her face all puckered up with friendly concern.

"Oh, don't decide it that way," she cried. The man looked up in amazement, but she rushed on impetuously,

Iris Shook Her Head.

her hand on his arm—"Of course, I do not know what your trouble is, but I know you are planning something desperate. Don't decide it by the toss of a coin. It seems too—well—too ungodly, if you will forgive the term."

The man gave a bitter little laugh. "It's all right for you to talk that way, lady. But what do you know about real ungodliness—or real trouble, for that matter? You have probably never been closer to it than disappointment in your new winter hat or the inconvenience of having your motor break down at the wrong time. I guess you have never had to do a thing you didn't want to do in your whole life."

Iris could have told him to the contrary, but she let it pass. "Is it money you need?" she asked.

"Bless your dear little heart, no," answered the man. "I make money enough at the damned thing. But what is it to you, if I may ask? Is it your business in life to go around rescuing poor desperadoes from themselves?"

"Well—er—hardly," said Iris. "But you see, today I'm not working."

"I'm afraid I do not get you," he answered.

"Do you ever go to the movies?" The man nodded. "Well, that's my business in life"—and she smiled at him naively.

"I've probably seen you then," he returned. "You do some sort of a Mary Pickford stunt, I'll wager. You look the part, all right. Congratulations!"

"Don't bother with congratulations," said Iris. "I'm no Mary Pickford. I'm Iris Ybarra, the vampire. Oh, why—" she cried passionately, "why did you remind me of it today, when I was out on a holiday, pretending I had never spent hour upon hour wrecking a home and spoiling one man's life after another? I did so want to be a nice little woman's-place-is-in-the-home-sort of person this afternoon."

"Good lord!" exclaimed the man, "Isn't that funny!" and he went off into peals of laughter.

"Well, I'm glad you think it is such a joke," snapped Iris. "You look almost human when you laugh. When I saw you flipping that coin around you looked like a tragic muse—for all the world like Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, and——"

The man stopped laughing abruptly. "Say that again!" he cried. "Hamlet, if it were only true!"

Iris was too amazed to reply and he went on—"Listen, Miss Vampire, and I'll tell you something I have never told anybody else. All my life it has been my ambition to play Hamlet—it's almost an obsession, I want to so much."

"Who are you?" asked Iris.

"I am Cyril Smith, the leading man of the Gaiety Girls, and I make my living by jokes. Jokes—how I hate them! I was tossing that coin to see whether I should sign a contract for this winter and live through those songs and dances and jokes again.

"You seem to want to solve my problems, so I'll leave it to you instead of the coin. To sign or not to sign, that is the question!"

Iris considered, and then—"Well, I signed my contract for vamping yesterday—and jokes are not a patch on homewrecking."

"All right, lady," said he, "jokes it is."

Iris Ybarra and Cyril Smith looked at each other in the deepening shadows of Central Park. Across the Mall a big hotel loomed up invitingly, its hundreds of windows aglow, shining down on them like hundreds of friendly little stars. A sudden idea flashed into Cyril Smith's mind.

"I say—do you like tea?" he asked.

"I do," answered the vampire, emphatically, "although the public likes to think of me imbibing highballs by the dozen."

Across the tea table, half an hour later, Cyril Smith had another idea. Life was moving fast for the matinee idol.

He kept it to himself for a few minutes, while the orchestra played the soft strains of "La Boheme" and their teacups were exchanged for raspberry colored ices. Then he burst forth—

"Don't think I'm crazy, lady," said Cyril Smith. "But, are you married?"

Iris shook her head negatively.

"Well—er—have you anything against getting married?" he continued.

"A vampire's place is in the home," she answered demurely.

"My home?" he asked.

This time Iris Ybarra gave her head a decided nod in the right direction.

RETURN TO THE BEGINNING?

Hard to Foretell Result of Changes Which the Old World Is Facing Today.

That this has been a time to disembarrass ourselves of superfluities and get down to essentials is so obvious that we don't need to have it pointed out to us, yet there is a good deal of preachment on the subject, according to "The Point of View," in Scribner's. It is entertaining to get the different points of view. One woman writer is jubilant over the promise of a new Utopia, a simple world of few or no servants, few clothes (and those made very short in the skirts), moderate food and modest entertainments; in short, a general reduction of the cares of the body. "Oh, destiny," she cries, "help us to recover our lost democratic simplicity!"

Another, more radical, quotes those who say that we must "dip into the primeval," that all our "miserable little civilization" must go, and we must find ourselves back at the beginning of things, hoping, after some eons, to climb up again—presumably—the perfect civilization. According to this melancholy prophet all that the world has painfully learned through the eons of the past is to go to the scrap heap; not only the civilization of the body, but the civilization of the soul. I don't believe it! Mortify the flesh as we may and must, our souls and minds are not going to the scrap heap. When, indeed, has the spirit of mankind ever mounted higher than in the wreck of so much that has been dear? No, we may be obliged, and doubtless to our souls' good, to bake and brew—did I say brew? The expression is archaic and will soon become obsolete in our bone-dry age—to cook, then, to sweep and dust, to wash and iron and sew, but in relearning these household arts we shall also practice the virtues of thrift, of perseverance and energy and self-sacrifice; and the high virtue of patriotism will become more than ever a part of the texture of our souls. Nor shall the civilization of the intellect perish. Only we shall not have time for the unessential or the unworthy.

But this emergency comes home to many women who are no longer able to perform hard manual labor. Servantless, they flock to the hotels, which become veritable "Old Ladies' Homes." Foregathering in these places of refuge, they think sometimes, but less often than one would imagine, of their household treasures—the old mahogany, the china, the pictures, the family clock, which has passed the time of day with three or four generations, all now packed away in the storage warehouses.

Power Over Snakes Brief.

It is a curious fact that the snake-charmers of India change their victims every year, letting loose the snakes they have had for exactly a year, to the very day, procuring fresh ones to take their places. The superstition in the family is to the effect that their power over individual snakes becomes ineffective after exactly one year.

They cite as proof the fact that a venturesome female snake-charmer once attempted to keep a particularly fine specimen beyond the specified time.

The result was fatal; the woman died from the creature's bite. This odd belief could be easily explained by the fact that, knowing this legend, the woman lost her confidence.—From the Wide World Magazine.

Oil Transmitted Far.

Oil is transmitted from Baku, on the Caspian, to Batum, on the Black sea, by means of a pipe line 560 miles long, which has 19 pumping stations. The diameter of the pipe is eight inches and it has a capacity of 60,000,000 poods a year. Its cost was 25,000,000 rubles ($13,000,000).

THEY TOOK HER LITERALLY

But Probably Musical Comedy Star Did Not Mean Just What She Threatened.

A popular musical comedy star was taking her summer vacation in a New England village this year, and good naturedly agreed to participate in an "entertainment" to be given at the town hall for the benefit of local charities. She procured from New York one of the costumes from her last winter's show, and a fetching poster showing herself in that same costume. Soon after the poster was on display a delegation of village ladies waited upon the committee of gentlemen who were engineering the entertainment and protested against the chic costume of the poster, which was, in fact, that of the conventional "prince" of musical comedy, with a frank if pleasing display of silk-encased limbs.

"Let's send for Miss de Lancy and see if we can't fix it up," a committeeman suggested, and this was done.

Now, besides being good natured, Miss de Lancy is high-spirited, and rather thought that the costume which had been good enough for her to appear in for some hundreds of times in New York would do for one appearance in Hicksville.

"There is no use talking," she announced with decision, "I'll appear in that costume or nothing!"

There was a moment of horrified silence, then quick whispering among the lady delegation, and a moment later their protest against the proposed costume was withdrawn.—Philadelphia Ledger.

COSTS MONEY TO RUN ZOO

Pets of Londoners Are Really Expensive Propositions in the Feeding Line.

How much does it cost now to feed an elephant for a year? Two thousand dollars, say the officials of the London zoo. And a giraffe costs half as much. So that, with the increased prices of food, have come new problems for the keepers of menageries. The meat foods include beef, horse flesh, guinea pigs, rats, cats, mice, rabbits, frogs, snakes, fish, pigeons, ducks, sparrows, gentles, snails, ants and cod liver oil. The gazelles, buffaloes and antelopes must be provided with rock salt. They are fed on oats, bran, hay, green clover, together with carrots and potatoes. The birds are the most difficult to feed satisfactorily. Flamingoes, for instance, require soaked wheat, boiled shrimps and fish cut small. Some birds are fed largely on bullock's liver. This is cut into slices, boiled, then put through a mincing machine. The mince is dried in a slow oven and preserved. The dry mince is usually mixed with bran or pollard. Quantities of insects have to be kept in stock for the insect-eating birds. These are principally meal worms and gentles, which is the polite name for meat maggots. But for some birds flies and grasshoppers are required. The monkeys require fruit, such as bananas and apples, while the snakes must be fed on small animals, such as rabbits, mice and rats.

New Idea in Storing Coal.

The ingenious plan of storing coal in carbonic acid gas, as undertaken at Dortmund, Germany, gives the safety from spontaneous ignition of underwater storage, while the container offers the convenience of the overhead bunker. Each of the three cylindrical bunkers constructed, with a capacity of 2,500 tons, has semi-spherical top and bottom, and three filling openings at the top, with three discharging outlets at the bottom. The lower outlets are gas tight when closed, but as the carbonic acid is much heavier than air the upper openings do not require being absolutely leak proof. A grab on a structural steel tower unloads the coal from a barge. The coal is dropped into a small hopper, and then fed to a push-plate conveyor, which is so placed that it may serve in filling or emptying the three bunkers. The small amount of carbonic acid gas that leaks out in removing coal can be readily replaced.

Fun for the Girl.

One evening, coming home from the theater on the street car with my lady friend, I stepped from the car and noticed an automobile coming up behind the car. I kept my eye on the automobile and took the elbow of the next person alighting after me, expecting it to be my friend. Still watching the motor, I led the elbow safely to the walk, and then turned my attention to her. But, to my embarrassment, who should I find myself escorting, but a great, tall man, who said in the sweetest voice: "Thank you, I was never escorted by a young man across the street before; you are the kindest fellow I ever met." My lady friend was following us, and she giggled over the joke all the rest of the way home.—Exchange.

Artificial Tree for Birds.

Dr. H. B. Warren is having a concrete tree built on his lawn at West Chester, Pa., to provide homes for birds. The tree is upon a wire frame 15 feet high. Holes of different sizes will lure the birds to meet and rest. At the base of the tree will be a large concrete bath to provide the guests with running water at all times. Imitation limbs on the "tree" will give perching accommodations. But the question is, will the birds be fooled by this elaborately counterfeit tree? We have seen some most elaborate and expensive bird houses empty year after year

FESTIVAL OF THE EPIPHANY

Three Events Included in the Celebration, Which Is Observed by Three Great Churches.

The word "epiphany" is from the Greek tongue and means "to be evident." It is used by the church to designate the festival which is celebrated on January 6 by Roman Catholic, Eastern and Anglican churches in commemoration of the manifestation of Christ.

Three different events are included in the celebration: As early as the third century it was observed as the commemoration of the baptism of Christ and his revelation to the world as the Son of God. Later in the East it was taken also as a manifestation of divine power in Christ's first miracle at Cana. In the western church the adoration of the Magi was principally put forward, the baptism being especially mentioned in the services for the octave, and the Cana miracle on the following Sunday. In the fourth century the birth of Christ was also connected with it by some writers.

Many special observances are or have been connected with it under the name of Twelfth day. Twelfth night was a time of special merrymaking in England, and closed the Christmas festivities. The date for Easter is announced, and in many places the blessing of waters takes place. Sovereigns commonly offered gold, frankincense and myrrh at the altar, a custom still maintained by England.

Playing Safe.

Grace, aged 6, had heard conflicting stories about Santa Claus, but refused to admit a doubt of his actuality. She concluded a prayer as follows: "And God bless Santa Claus, even if he is papa."

Vegetable Poacher of Fish.

One of the most curious enemies of fresh water fish in many parts of the world is a small floating water weed, the bladder wort. Along its branchlets are a number of small green vesicles or bladders, which, being furnished with minute jaws, seize upon tiny fish, which are assimilated into its substance. This is a subtle poacher, the true character of which has only lately been detected. Bladder wort is a fairly common aquatic plant, and no very special interest attached to it ere its fish eating propensities were discovered. Its tiny vesicles were known to contain air, and the only use of these, so far as was known, was to keep the plant afloat—a belief, be it remarked, all the more reasonable because many aquatic plants actually have such air receptacles for that very purpose. The tiny bladders attached to the leaves and leaf stalks are each acting on the eel trap principle, entrance being easy, but exit impossible.

Fear to Tell Own Name.

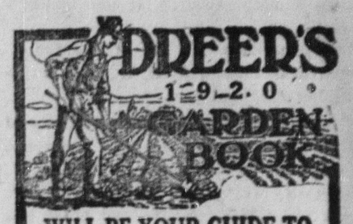
Among the Kayans, a tribe of the Philippines, it is a breach of manners to ask a man what his name is. If a white man does so through ignorance the man will turn to a bystander and ask that the stranger, who does not know the customs, may be informed. If a man tells his own name the evil spirits will hear him and can more readily do him harm.

United States' Land Best.

British America, which consists of Canada, Newfoundland and a number of islands, has an area of 3,750,000 square miles, while the total area of the United States and its possessions is 3,743,446 square miles. Thus Britain has a little more territory, but it is largely so far north as to be of comparatively little value.

Big Day in American History.

In 1789 the constitutional convention reassembled after the Constitution had been approved by the necessary nine states. The second Wednesday in January, 1789, which fell upon the 7th, was named as the day on which the states should choose the electors who were later to vote for the first president and vice president. All the electors chosen, both Federalists and anti-Federalists, were unanimously for Washington, so the contest narrowed down to the election of a vice president. Out of 11 candidates John Adams was elected the first vice president.



WILI BE YOUR GUIDE TO A SUCCESSFUL GARDEN

It tells in its 224 pages how to grow the best Vegetables and Flowers and offers everything needed for the Garden, Greenhouse, Lawn and Farm, including Vegetable and Farm Seeds, Roses, Dahlias, Hardy Perennials and other Plants. Garden Implements, Lawn Mowers, Lawn Rollers, Fertilizers, Insecticides, etc. You will need this book of reference mady times during the season for gardening.

A copy will be mailed free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER
714-716 Chestnut St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Are there "Big Profits" in the Telephone Business?

FOR twenty years the operations of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania have never afforded the owners of the property more than a reasonable return on a good, sound, conservative investment.

This is not a Company that has been marked by frenzied finance. On the contrary, there is not a drop of so-called water in our capitalization.

It has created no great fortunes.

Because the Company is big, many people think it has made "all sorts of money" and is still making it.

The fact is—as the published records show—that fancy dividends have always given way to good plant maintenance, adequate reserves against depreciation and common-sense stability of the business.

That's what good service depends on!

At the present time those essential elements are facing serious danger. There are not revenues enough to meet our necessities. And unless adequate rates are forthcoming, and quickly, the outcome is obvious—a service dangerously impaired and a property which, because of the uncertainty of continued returns, will not attract new capital for improvements and extensions.

The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania

DIRECT MAIL COURTSHIP

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sam Wallace had tremendous faith in the sales powers of advertising. He believed that through advertising it is possible to do almost anything—even to the winning for himself of the girl he adored.

Sam, though holding the important position of advertising manager for the famous Gigantic Department store, was still shy and tongue-tied when it came to a question of popping the all-important question to the lady of his heart, Mary Stuart. Mary was pretty and sweet and wholly worth adoring. Many men, like Sam, felt that she would make an ideal wife; but to all of them, including Sam, Mary was impartially friendly and unsentimental.

Several times Sam had endeavored to come to the point, but every time his courage had failed him. He had never yet put his fortunes to the test. Red and silent, he had let many opportunities pass, until now, with other men forging to the front in the race for Mary's hand, he felt desperate.

It was at this crucial moment in his career that Sam determined to place his dependence upon advertising.

"I can write ads," Sam told himself, "that bring women into the Gigantic store by the droves. I sure ought to be able to write an ad that will 'sell' myself to Mary. I'm going to try it, anyhow. If I don't I'll just lose out entirely, and that's all there is to it."

Having come to this conclusion, Sam began writing rapidly on a pad of paper on his desk. Every now and then he gazed upward at the ceiling while concentrating his thoughts. But for the most part he wrote swiftly, without stopping. When he had finally finished he reread his work with considerable satisfaction:

This is what he had written:

"Marry a man who adores you!

"You will be much happier married to a man who adores you than if you marry a man who doesn't care so very deeply. There is a certain man who is wild about you and yours. Who is he? Watch for the next letter."

"There," said Sam to himself, when he had finished reading the sheet, "that will get her attention, and the first step in selling goods through advertising is to secure the attention of the prospective purchaser. Next comes the arousing of the interest of the prospective buyer, and, thirdly and finally, the inducing of the reader to buy. Two more letters ought to do the trick for me. I'll send this letter today, letter No. 2 tomorrow, and the third letter on the day after that."

Sam placed the sheet in an envelope and addressed it to Mary. Then he threw the envelope into the outgoing mail tray on his desk.

The next day Sam wrote the second of his series of ads. This second ad read as follows:

"The man who adores you is shy.

"It is because he's shy that he's never gotten up enough courage to tell you how much he cares for you. But he does care, deeply and sincerely, and once the ice is broken he'll tell you just how deeply and sincerely, all right. Who is this man? Perhaps your intuition has already told you. But, anyhow, watch for to-morrow's letter. His identity will be revealed in to-morrow's letter."

Sam did with this second ad as he had done with the first—he placed it in an envelope and, after addressing it to Mary, threw it into the outgoing mail tray.

Sam's final ad read like this:

"THE MAN WHO ADORES YOU IS SAM WALLACE.

"I've always been too shy to tell you how much I care for you. So I'm telling you about it through these little letters. If there is any chance for me, Mary, smile at me the next time you see me. If there isn't any chance, just nod to me but don't smile. That's all. You know everything now and I will know everything when I see you the next time."

It was only natural that Sam's heart should beat considerably faster than normal as he placed this last ad in an envelope, directed it to Mary, and placed it in the outgoing mail tray.

"Gee!" he said to himself, "I'm certainly glad I've done it. It was the only thing to do. I'd never in the world have gotten up enough courage to ask her personally, and I simply couldn't keep on going without knowing how I stand. Now I wonder, will she smile or will she merely nod at me when she sees me?"

Now, Sam was not only a shy young man, but also an impulsive young man. Some weeks before he had purchased an engagement ring—a ring that was a beauty in all particulars, just the right sized stone and just the proper sort of a setting. He had thought, at the time of his purchase, that he'd make a mass attack, as it were, upon Mary. He'd show her the stone and then, before his courage failed him, slip it on her engagement finger and trust to luck that she would allow it to stay there. But Sam had never made this mass attack. The ring still reposed in his vest pocket. He had never found the courage to show it to Mary, let alone place it upon her finger.

"Now, I wonder," muttered Sam as, after finishing his third ad, he took the ring out and looked at it, "I wonder will Mary ever wear this ring or not?"

Sam's excitement grew during that night, and the morning of the day after he had placed his final ad in the outgoing mail tray his nerves were ragged and he simply couldn't sit still.

"By all the rules of advertising," Sam told himself, "those ads ought to do the trick. But will they? I haven't heard a word from her. I haven't seen a sign of her. Is that a good or bad sign? What am I to think about it?"

During the day Sam heard nothing from Mary nor caught any sight of her. And as the day dragged to its dreary close his spirits sank. He felt sure that directly after the receipt of the third ad Mary would certainly take pains to give him his answer as soon as possible. But she wasn't doing so. There was absolutely no word from her.

Sam dragged himself to his boarding house after the day's work with weary steps. He was worn out, his nerves were frazzled, he was greatly discouraged. He couldn't help feeling that Mary was simply letting him down easily, that her mind was made up to refuse him, and that she was trying to let him know that this was the case before she should meet him and merely nod at him, instead of smiling at him.

The next day, the second after his mailing of the final ad, Sam felt as though the world had gone to pieces about his shoulders as he slowly walked to the office. It was all over. His dream had evaporated into thin air. There was little, very little, left in life for him to live for.

It was only desultory attempts at working that Sam made during the morning. He was too blue to do any good work, anyhow, so shortly before the noon hour he left his office to make a trip through the various departments. He felt as though it would take his mind off his trouble to talk with other people.

Through the bargain basement and silks and gloves on the first floor to men's furnishings and cloaks and suits on the second floor Sam made his gloomy way. And then, in cloaks and suits, he stopped suddenly. From the other side of a rack of cloaks and suits beside which he was standing came the sound of voices. One of the voices was that of the manager of the department, while the other voice was—Mary's.

Sam, after a moment of hesitation, straightened his shoulders. He might as well get the cold nod from Mary and get it over with now as later. It had to be done some time—now was as good as any. So Sam, looking very dignified, but awkward, writhing with despair, walked around the rack and came face to face with Mary.

Mary didn't see him at first.

"Good morning, Mary," he said, politely, standing rigidly like a soldier at salute.

Mary looked up surprised. Her big blue eyes met his. And then—then Sam's heart leaped. His pulses tingled, his brain whirled, Mary was actually smiling at him—a lovely, unmistakable smile.

"How are you, Sam?" she asked, and smiled again.

"S-s-say, Mary," stammered Sam, as soon as he was able to regain control of himself, "step into my office a minute, will you? It's right on this floor, just a little way from here. I've got something I want to show you."

"Why, yes," smiled Mary, "I've often thought I'd like to look at your office—to see just what sort of a place it is you work in."

Sam, hardly able to contain himself, piloted her through the door, past his secretary and into his private office. Then, after closing the door to his secretary's room, he drew the engagement ring from his pocket and without a word placed it on Mary's finger. Finally he caught Mary into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Why, why," cried Mary at last, "I ought to be provoked and angry and all that—but I'm not! I'm glad, glad! I've cared for you so long, Sam, and I thought you'd never, never tell me that you cared, too. I knew you cared, but I thought you'd never tell me that you did!"

"Oh, sweetheart," cried Sam, "I'm so glad you smiled at me this morning."

He caught her in his arms again, and as he did so he glanced at the outgoing mail tray on his desk. The tray was full. Sam, gently releasing Mary, hurriedly pawed through the letters. All three of his ads to Mary were still there. The new mail boy had neglected to take up the mail from Sam's office for nearly a week. Sam gasped, then chuckled as he took Mary into his arms again. After all, if it hadn't been for his ads he'd never have had the courage to put the ring on her finger. After all, he was satisfied—wholly satisfied.

To Be Expected.

"The young man who went on the stage as an acrobatic dancer is intoxicated with his success."

"I should think he would be, with so many kicks in it."

Pop's Guess.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Why do they call a ship 'she'?"

"I suppose it's because she always seems to require a mate, my boy."

THE GOOSE

By WILL T. AMES

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

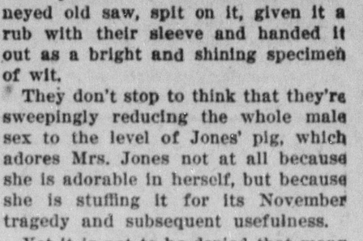
Because I am a man I have to pull very hard at the strings that operate my face muscles in order to muster a feeble grin over that joke—the one about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach. Ten million times have persons trotted out that hackneyed old saw, spit on it, given it a rub with their sleeve and handed it out as a bright and shining specimen of wit.

They don't stop to think that they're sweepingly reducing the whole male sex to the level of Jones' pig, which adores Mrs. Jones not at all because she is adorable in herself, but because she is stuffing it for its November tragedy and subsequent usefulness.

Yet it is not to be denied that many a romance has germinated in a meal; that a hungry man's heart has been mellowed and made fertile of love by a beefsteak many a time. The point I make, however, is that it is a finer, more psychic thing than mere stomachic emptiness and piggy greed that underlies this association of food and affection in the soul of mere man.

Ask the Salvation Army lassies who fried doughnuts for the boys "over there," whether it was the doughnuts themselves or the homey intimacy of their flavor that brought joy to the soldiers' nostalgic hearts and a film of tears to their dauntless eyes.

Jackie Follet sat on a tall stool at the lunch counter in the Cornwall station, eating bacon and eggs and custard pie. You might make a guess that Jackie was a good-looking boy—you could do no more than guess; for he was black with the dust and soot



"Tillie, How Did You Do It?"

of the locomotive tender, and to have cleansed his fireman's grime would have taken more time than Jackie had for his meal.

But there was a jaunty rakishness to the cock of his long-peaked railroader's cap and a laughing light in his big frank eyes that went far in support of the guess. The eyes just now were dancing with bantering Tillie Birch, for Tillie was a never-ending joy to the fireman, and his noonday stop at Cornwall one of the salient features of his strenuous existence.

"What you going to swear off tomorrow, Tillie—chaw-gum or holding hands with fat drummers over the counter?"

"Neither one. I'm going to quit mopping up after dirty engine crews and save the coal dust; fuel's going up."

"Huh! If I was to come in here washed up you'd get stuck on me, and then that google-eyed butcher friend of yours would go get a club and spoil a perfectly good fireman."

"My goodness, but don't you hate yourself! And I wish you'd quit jollying me about that butcher. He ain't any friend of mine. I don't even know his name."

"You don't? In a little burg like this? Say, Tillie." Jackie's face lost its bantering grin under the soot, "I live in one of these hick towns when I'm home, and there ain't a soul in it I don't know, even down to the dogs and cats. Friendly kind of a place, too—the greatest little family town I've ever run across, 'specially at this time of year. They make a lot of New Year in my burg; everybody keeps open house, and everybody goes around to see everybody else in the old style. And the New Year's dinners—oh, boy! with a roast goose in the middle of the table!"

"Going to be home?" inquired Tillie.

"Going to be home? Say, kid," (Tillie might have been the junior of Jackie by as much as three months) "it's nearly 700 miles from here to the old town. And besides"—all the banter was gone out of the boy's eyes now—"there isn't any home there any more. It's three years tomorrow since there was an old-time New Year's dinner at our house. Last year I was in France, waiting for a ship to bring me home. The year before I was in camp. The first year my mother died and the next one poor old dad flickered out. This year—oh, well," the boy shook his head and tried to bring back the reckless fun into his voice.

"If you can't eat goose with the old folks, you can eat slum at the hash counter; what's the odds?"

But Tillie, who was a woman to the tips of her fingers, knew that the odds were great. And a great mother feeling came and brooded in her bosom along with the quite different feeling that the presence of this cheery, handsome boy always set stirring there. Her eyes were softly tender as they followed the agile figure of the young fireman hastening trainward.

On New Year's day as Jackie Follet climbed upon the accustomed stool and nodded friendlily to Tillie, there was a change from the accustomed routine. Tillie did not ask what her customer would have. Instead, she leaned over the counter and said: "Keep it mum, Jackie; I've got your dinner all ready for you in the hot closet."

Two great slices from the breast of a wonderful corn-fed goose and one of the fat bird's stumpy legs, and thick, luscious gravy, redolent of celery and chestnuts and mushrooms, and a huge spat of bread crumb dressing, aromatic with spices and unctuous with the waddling fatness of the creature, and creamy, fluffy mashed potatoes, and little onions boiled to exquisite tenderness, and a bit of yellow turnip, and half a dozen sprigs of dwarf celery, crisp as zero snow, topped with a giant slab of such mince pie as the Cornwall station restaurant had never dreamed of before. That's the kind of dinner that the little waitress set before her guest.

And because he was a heedless, homeless boy starving for the home flesh-pots, Jackie had reveled half way through it before he began to think. But because he was a man he did begin to think at last. And presently, when he could get Tillie's ear privately, he said to her: "Tillie, how did you do it? You haven't any more home than I have, have you?" And he kept at her until she had to admit that she had bought the goose and made a deal with Mrs. Jaynes, with whom she roomed, to cook the dinner. Tillie to have one full portion sent to the station by the Jaynes boy promptly at noon.

"And what do you eat?" inquired Jackie, with an odd, intent look in his eyes.

"Oh, my regular lunch here," replied Tillie. And right then Jackie's time was up and he had to run. But before he went he leaned over the counter and whispered hurriedly: "Don't have any date tomorrow evening, Tillie. I'm coming to see you."

Do you suppose it was just the goose and "fixings" that touched the heart of Jackie Follet and was responsible for his taking Tillie, before another New Year rolled around, back to that friendly little town of his 700 miles away, and with her making again a home of his old house that he could not bear to look at when he came back from France? Or was it the magic of that brooding mother sense that in every real woman's heart reaches out to the man she craves, and stirs his appetite, not for meat and drink alone, but for the manna of home life, and the sparkling waters of love?

TRAGIC END OF WATER HOG

South American Visitor to England Victim of Its Fighting Spirit and Gamekeeper's Temper.

Two years ago a large and intelligent water hog from South America, tired of the local British menagerie which exploited himself and his brethren, crept away and took up his abode in a pond at Manning's Heath, Sussex.

There, says London Answers, he lived a hermitlike existence, swimming and diving and scrambling along the fringe of the pond by way of exercise, and harming no man, until, quite recently, a young foal disputed his claim to the lake. The three-feet-long water hog had the impudence to chase the foal, and suffered death at the hands of a gamekeeper for his misdemeanor.

The hog's life in the Sussex pond is regarded as all the more strange because few of his species have survived the English climate. Such creatures abound on the river banks in South America, and, while possessing the skin and bristles of an ordinary land hedgehog, can swim and dive like a fish, often remaining under water for lengthy periods. They have long, curiously molded teeth, which enable them to grind to pulp the vegetable matter that forms their sustenance, and allow it to pass down the very narrow passage of their throat. They bark and growl like dogs and are altogether unpleasant animals when roused. The Manning pond specimen was regarded by the villagers as quite harmless, however, and they deplored its untimely end.

Mark of Egotism.

Boastfulness is by no means the only way in which egotism is revealed. There are numerous little telltale signs, knowledge of which is distinctly useful in social and business relations.

An egotist, for example, is commonly a poor listener in a conversation.

Because of undue eagerness to express his ideas he is prone to interrupt anybody who may be speaking. Whether he assent or dissent from what is being said, he finds it hard to let the speaker finish.

Often this is charitably ascribed to mere lack of good manners, overenthusiasm or a nervous uneasiness. But nine times out of ten egotism is at the bottom of it.

Sociology in Spanish America.

A controversy has recently been going on in Spanish-American newspaper columns as to where sociology was first taught in Spanish America. One of the claimants was D. Antonio Delleplane, who in the well-known Buenos Aires magazine "Nosotros" (We) wrote that in 1899 he inaugurated, by official request, the teaching of sociology in Argentina and all Spanish America. The honor, however, has been proved by Pedro Henriquez Urena, a scholar from Santo Domingo who has taught at the University of Minnesota, to belong to Eugenio Maria Hostos. Hostos, a Porto Rican, deserving of a far wider public than he has, preceded the Buenos Aires claimant by 19 years, having included sociology in the curriculum of the Santo Domingo Normal school in 1880; Hostos wrote the textbook and gave the first course in 1883-1884.

Men Who Are Listened To.

When you speak only what you're sure of you will get a hearing. Every assembly has in it some few fellows who take upon themselves the directing of affairs. They know just what ought to be done next and are free to tell it. They have opinions on every subject and want people to know that they are thinkers. And it's amusing to see how often their opinions are listened to with varying interest and calmly disregarded by the people they were supposed to benefit. We have even heard the presiding officer ask the opinion of some quiet man who has been a silent listener, and that opinion lead to definite action on the part of the assembly. In fact, it often happens that after the mouthers have mauled the matter to the limit a few words from one who speaks only when he has something to say disposes of the matter.—Exchange.

Achilles' Shield.

In early days some armor must have been very beautiful. Homer, describes the famous shield of Achilles, made for him, so the story goes, by Hephaestus, the smith of the mythical inhabitants of Olympus. It was covered with pictures of cities and the people in them, soldiers lurking in ambush, farmers working in their fields, a vineyard, and wild animals. If the shield itself was nearly as beautiful as Homer's description of it, it must have been a wondrous work of art.

Daily Thought.

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted.—Longfellow.

300 Women's Clubs.

In the Philippines there are more than 300 women's clubs.

Here and There.

John Schreck, of Lemont was a business visitor in Bellefonte Monday.

Judge Quigley is in Pittsburg where he will preside over Court for two weeks.

Basket ball at the armory Friday evening at 8 30 o'clock. Academy Plebes vs. Army & Navy.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mallory, of Bellefonte, are receiving congratulations on the birth of twin sons on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Gray Meek spent the forepart of last week in Pittsburg, being the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas King Morris.

The Bellefonte Hardware Co. have been appointed Oliver Chilled Plow agents for Centre County and have a carload on the way.

D. O. Dorman, of Walker Township, was a business visitor in town last Friday. He is a staunch Republican and is popular among many friends.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Huntingdon Presbytery will hold its forty-sixth annual meeting at Mt. Union on Wednesday and Thursday, March 24th and 25th.

Miss Elizabeth Brown of Bellefonte, suffered a general nervous breakdown a few days ago and it was deemed advisable that she undergo treatment for a time at the Danville hospital.

Miss Cooney announces a most attractive display of very latest styles in millinery at the spring opening at The Hat Shop, High Street, Bellefonte, Friday and Saturday, March 12th and 13th.

It is a matter of gratification to the many friends of Rev. E. B. Dunn to learn that he has been assigned to the pastorate of the United Evangelical church in Bellefonte for another year.

Methodist Episcopal church. Bible school, 9:30. Sermon 10:45. Junior League 2 P. M. Senior League, 6:30. Sermon, with special musical numbers, 7:30. Coleville—Bible school 2 P. M. Alexander Scott, minister.

Whether the groundhog did or did not see his shadow, and whether there is or isn't anything to the old theory about groundhog weather, everybody will agree that since the said groundhog saw his shadow we've been having so-called groundhog weather.

Sunday will close the work of the year in the Methodist Episcopal church. The Methodist church of Bellefonte has had a very successful year. The services on Sunday will be of unusual interest and very large audiences are anticipated. Special musical numbers will be a feature. The pastor leaves on Tuesday afternoon for conference.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads was an arrival home last Saturday afternoon after an extended visit through the West in the interest of the W. C. T. U. She says that she had a wonderful trip and returned home enjoying splendid health. Miss Rhoads expects to depart in the next week or two for London to do W. C. T. U. work in England.

United Brethren Church, George R. Smith, pastor. Worship and preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Bible School at 9:30. Junior Christian Endeavor at 2 o'clock, and Senior C. E. at 6:30. Prayer service and Bible study class every Wednesday evening at 7:30. All these services are of vital importance to every individual inclined this way; so, come.

Mr. and Mrs. Ives L. Harvey returned last Saturday to their home in Bellefonte after a visit of several weeks to Florida. Mr. Harvey went South to recuperate from the effects of his recent illness. He returned home from the land of sunshine and flowers just in time to meet the extreme cold weather that followed in the wake of the blizzard which swept over a number of eastern States.

Luther Smith, who is not only an exceptionally efficient blacksmith but one of Bellefonte's most industrious and most substantial young men, has purchased the old Alexander farm nearby Sunnyside and will take possession April 1st. The farm has been operated by Elmer Straub for some years. We can vouch for the fact that it produces some splendid apples. In fact, the apples from this farm have an enviable reputation in this section. The Straubs will live with the Smiths on the farm until they buy a home for themselves.

Seemingly everybody about town cannot be classed as believers in the theory that winter will never end. Even while the streets are covered with ice and snow, one hears rumors that Bellefonte is to have a base ball league during the summer months, with a series of twilight games, and the proceeds to be devoted to the American Legion. There has been no concerted action taken thus far, but the matter is exciting quite a lot of discussion and the fans are already recalling scores of last summer's games and predicting what may be expected during the coming summer. Lovers of base ball are strongly in favor of the daylight saving standard of time for Bellefonte during the summer and early fall months. Thoughts of three baggers, bonehead plays and absolutely rotten decisions by the umpire in the no distont future will help at least to enable one to forget for the moment that our streets are covered with three to six inches of ice and that in most parts of town the sidewalks are lined with snow banks three to four feet high.

Mrs. Archie Irvin, of this place, was in Altoona Wednesday shopping.

Miss Vida Wetzel has returned to Bellefonte, after spending several months in Philadelphia.

The Bellefonte Hardware Co. have Othello Ranges, Oliver Plows, Roofing, Fencing and Garden Seeds, and will be open for business about March 18th.

Mrs. Wm. Lender returned to her home in Punxsutawney Wednesday, after spending two weeks with her mother, Mrs. Irvin, at Pleasant Gap.

Don't forget the State College Rehabilitation Club's minstrelshow at Garman's Opera House, Saturday, March 27th, under the auspices of the American Legion.

William Nighthart has sold his barber shop and residence at Tyrone and removed to Bellefonte where he has become a partner at the barber shop conducted by his father, John Nighthart, at the Crider Stone Building.

C. H. Bush, a progressive resident of Union Township, transacted business in Bellefonte between trains on Wednesday. He says that the roads up his way are so badly clogged with snow and ice that it will be a number of weeks before they are open to traffic.

Thomas W. Cairns, of Bellefonte, is somewhat improved, after being critically ill from influenza. As a result of extreme exhaustion he slept continuously four days and nights, a fact that led to reports that he had contracted sleeping illness of which there are a number of cases throughout the country.

A nomination petition in behalf of Judge Sadler, of Carlisle for Republican nomination at the May primaries for Justice of the Supreme Court has been signed by many Centre County lawyers. Indications are that Judge Sadler will have no opposition for the Republican nomination, which virtually insures his election next November.

Reuben T. Comly, of Union Township, greeted friends in town between trains on Tuesday. Reub. has been laid up by illness for the last eight weeks and is just beginning to get about. He lost more or less in weight and considerable in strength, but predicts that before long he will be in shape to give Jack Dempsey a few interesting rounds.

The regular meeting and Thimble Bee of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads on West Linn Street Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Miss Rhoads, who is national chairman of the Social Welfare work of the W. C. T. U., will give an interesting account of her work in the West and along the Mexican border, where she has been stationed during the last four months. All are welcome even though not members of the union.

Evangelical Conference.

(Continued from first page.)

win support for the $1000 proposition. A vote on the matter was taken during the afternoon, at which time the Conference sustained the $1200 minimum salary.

The conference adopted an increased salary schedule, giving an unordained minister a minimum of $600 per year; an ordained minister who is not married a minimum of $800, and an ordained minister who is married not less than $1200. Under this schedule the salary of an ordained, unmarried minister is increased 33 per cent, and that of a married man 50 per cent. As the result of the decision of the conference to discontinue the Centre district, a number of changes in the charges in the conference were made necessary. The churches formerly in the Centre district were apportioned among the remaining districts.

The following charges are added to the Williamsport district; Bellefonte Centre Hall, Nittany, Spring Mills and State College from the Centre district, and Sonestown, from the Lewisburg district.

To the Carlisle district are added the following charges: Altoona, Bellwood, Barnham, Juniata, Lewistown (Grace and Trinity charges), Liverpool, McClure, Mexico, Mifflin and Newport.

To the Lewisburg district are included: Middleburg, Millheim, Millmont Penncreek, Port Treverton, Hummels Wharf and Winfield.

To the York district are added these charges: Cralysville, Hanover, Hanover circuit, Manchester, Wellsville, all from the Carlisle district.

The presiding elders of the four districts were reappointed as follows: York, C. L. Sones; Carlisle, W. B. Cox; Lewisburg, J. F. Dunlap; Williamsport W. J. Campbell. The late Rev. M. I. Jamison, who died suddenly a few weeks ago, was presiding elder of the discontinued Centre district.

Appointments of ministers to various charges for the coming year were announced on Monday. A new work in the Williamsport district will be started at State College, Rev. N. L. Hummel taking charge there. The appointments included the following:—

Bellefonte—R. B. Dunn
Howard—F. H. Foss
Nittany—C. S. Messner
State College—N. L. Hummel
Sugar Valley—H. D. Hill
Millheim—C. B. Snyder
Rebersburg—C. B. Shank
Spring Mills—I. C. Bailey
Lock Haven—J. W. Thompson
Lock Haven Mission—J. H. Ricker
Mifflin—J. R. Sechrist.

A Centre County Hero.

From the "Bulletin of Near East Relief" published at Harrisburg the issue of March 5th. we clip this following:

"That Near East Relief has an appeal to the man with a heart is proven in the following message received by this office from a Centre County man occompanied by a five-dollar bill:

I work and have five children, I have a hard time to get along but I am making a pledge of five dollars a month and enclose five dollars. I didn't know how I could spare this money but I went without dinner yesterday and am going to do the same thing often enough each month to make up five dollars to send for the Armenians. Only by going hungry myself can I know anyway what those poor children suffer. This is the only way I can give."

That letter tells of a sacrifice—a self denial for the greatest cause before the American people. How many there must be who can duplicate this man's splendid gift without the necessity of his physical discomfort. Where are the people with hearts?

Warns Against Collector.

Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, pastor of the Bellefonte Reformed church, has called to our notice a warning sent out by the Near East Relief committee warning the public against one M. P. Kirkorian, an Armenian, said to be traveling about the country raising money by speaking in churches. The notice states that the Armenian in question "is in no way connected with the Near East Relief" movement. Persons who may be asked for contributions are requested to insist that the Armenian show his certificate from the State Board of Charities.

Underwent Operation.

Miss Lydia Bechdel, of Blanchard, underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Roaring Springs hospital last week. Her condition is reported to be satisfactory. She had been engaged at teaching school at Roaring Springs, and was taken ill with appendicitis just when recovering from influenza.

Blanchard Merchant Stricken.

George W. Page a merchant at Blanchard, was stricken with apoplexy while attending to his duties at his store last Thursday afternoon. His one side is paralized, and it is feared that he cannot recover. He has not been enjoying good health for several years.

If in need of a new Range this spring, you should see the new line of Othellos offered by the Bellefonte Hardware Co.

Cohen&Company

Department Store

For the coming week we propose to offer you some extraordinary big bargains, one of which is a Ladies Field Mouse Color high cut lace Shoe either with french or military heel—We have a complete run of sizes of this shoe in stock, from 2½ to 7, C and D width. We've been getting $9.50 a pair for them all along, but as a special drive, they'll be going for the coming week at $7.65 a pair.

You must take time to look at the beautiful line of Spring Waists for ladies that we've just unpacked. They're white voiles, organdie, georgette crepes and pongees. We are sure there is no other store in town that can show you such a large assortment. But the nicest thing about them is the price by which you can own them at. Would you believe that in this kind of times we are able to sell you beautiful white voile waists at $1.98 in sizes from 38 to 46; and 48, 50 and 52 at $2.98. Of course you take the waists from $2.50 to $4.98 they are simply beautiful. Really we extend an invitation to come and inspect the line.

It is too bad for the people living in the country that they can't come into town on account of the roads being blocked. To those that find themselves in such a position, just get us on the 'phone, either the Bell or Commercial and tell us of their needs, and we'll be glad to fill their wants to the best of our ability.

We've just learned to our sorrow that Outing Flannels will sell for 50 cents a yard next winter. We want to say to you that our stock of these goods on hand is in fairly good condition, both in lights and darks and that you can buy them at 35 cents a yard. Do you think it would pay you to took ahead a little?

By the way, we also got in and are selling them already, our complete line of ladies' muslin Night Gowns, also white and flesh color crepes and nainsooks. Some are beautifully trimmed, prices are very reasonable. They start at $1.48 and up to $2.98. They are much better values than we were able to offer you last year.

Please don't forget that in order for you to take advantage of the special 5 per cent. discount allowed you on all your cash purchases, except the grocery and victrola departments, that you will have to cut this ad out and present same on or before March 25th, 1920. That's all for now.

COHEN & CO.

HISTORY of WORLD WAR

(Continued from first page.)

It reached its high point the second week in October, when 4 out of every 1000 troops under arms in this country died. The rate subsided at the end of October, but during the succeeding months remained somewhat higher than it had been previous to the epidemic.

Two other diseases which offered difficult problems for the medical force were measles and spinal meningitis. Measles was prevalent during the first year of war and was particularly dangerous as the predecessor of pneumonia. After vigorous efforts to control it, the number of cases was greatly reduced. Meningitis caused nearly 5,000 deaths, ranking next to pneumonia. Both of these contagious diseases were largely the result of bringing numbers of men together in the confinement of camps and cantonments where the control of contagion is difficult. In the case of measles, men from rural communities who had not been immunized by previous exposure were particularly susceptible

(continued next week)

—But We've Had Everything We Needed

WHILE I was in the hospital after the operation I got $50 a week. I'll get $25 a week during the time I'm not able to work, and $12.50 a week thereafter so long as I lose half my business time. I'll get indemnity for a year if I'm laid up that long.

What I got the first week paid the premium on my ÆTNA COMPREHENSIVE HEALTH POLICY for a year, and the insurance began the day my policy was issued. No red tape, no delay, no danger—nothing but real satisfaction and a safe feeling when you

ÆTNA-IZE

Wife's peeping over my shoulder. "Tell him for me," she says, "this ÆTNA income lightens a wife's burdens a heap."

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

=: NEW :=

Hardware Store

The Bellefonte Hardware Co.

will open our new hardware store, on the corner of Allegheny & Bishop Sts., in the brick building formerly used as the Lyric Theatre, about March 18th. We will have a complete line of hardware, including a full assortment of

Othello & Sunshine RANGES

and Repairs, Roofings, Fencing. Poultry Netting, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds. In fact almost anything to be found in a first-class, up-to-date hardware store.

We have secured the agency for the well known

Oliver Chilled PLOWS

including Gangs, Tractor and Walking Plows & Repairs
We have a carload of plows on the way.

Come in and see us

Bellefonte Hardware Co.

Make Your Clothes Last Longer

Good all-wool fabrics do the "lasting" for you; you get more wear; less cost per year; you don't buy so often.

That's the kind of clothes service we offer you; a service that saves money for you; Hart Schaffner & Marx make the clothes and they make them right; we price them right for you; satisfaction or money back.

Montgomery & Co.